

collected works of
homestuck
generol
gristmas 2016



>> Captain Eridan !Ampora4Ktk 05/31/11(Tue)16:01 No.26414868 File1306872118.png-(139 KB, 478x317, wwhy the fuck wwould you do th(...).png)



>Walk home from work. (I didn't put gas in my van.)
>Aradia friend passes by me on the road in her, you guess it, maroon red car.
>She pulls over
>Offers me a ride

>She asks me why I was talking about her in HSG
>My heart skipped three fucking beats.
I swear to god I knew it was a bad idea.

>> Anonymous 05/31/11(Tue)16:03 No.26414902 File1306872210.jpg-(81 KB, 500x402, 1301228884560.jpg)



>>26414868
You're welcome, John.
Next time, give me a call
if you need a ride.

>> Captain Eridan !Ampora4Ktk 05/31/11(Tue)16:06 No.26414976 File1306872418.png-(305 KB, 623x715, 1302484133660.png)



>>26414902
>>26414949
God damn it, I didn't expect you to be
on so soon.
Also, want to hang out some time?

>> Captain Eridan !Ampora4Ktk 05/31/11(Tue)16:09 No.26415031 File1306872574.jpg-(248 KB, 500x600, 129853282521.jpg)



>>26414979
Well, he hasn't told everything about me,
so I'm Ok with it.
But if what I hear is true, he is lustng
after me, isn't he?
>>26414976
I'd love to.
>>26414974

I would imagine him be shocked again.
Just sitting in his chair with a look of terror across his face.

Collected Works of Homestuck General
(second edition, 2016)

works published here are attributed to the original authors where possible. many authors are anonymous, intentionally abstaining from identification. all stories are works of fiction and should not be attempted at home. if erections persist for longer than four hours see your doctor.

Cover art by Chaz



125114121111.jpg - Shai'Hulud

softowl: yall aint funny. i block every one of you, stop being morons and fuck around amongst yourselves. i don't give a fuck what you say on 4chan but keep it on 4chan. seriously consider your behavior compared to how a rational adult would behave and ask yourself if you're doing shit that people you admire would be proud of you for.

owlsbuttley: /co/ you're probably going to lash out at me for even mentioning you. but i want to (sincerely) thank you for not being /cgl/. bless you

ikebrewkuro: owlsbuttley whtd cgl do this time

Marelo: I wondered what was up with that. I feared you had raised the ire of 4chan, and they were DDOSing you.

Andrew: I would never do anything to profane their noble temple and bring their wrath.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| Stairs | 6 |
| Ovipositive | 8 |
| Cockanaya: A Love Story | 23 |
| Rose: Receive the Best Birthday Present | 50 |
| Hot8oxing | 60 |
| Terezi/Jade Sleepover | 83 |
| John/Condesce | 97 |
| Counting Sheep | 109 |
| Peestuck | 111 |
| Why Does My Son Keep Jerking Off | 117 |
| Metastuck – Grimdark | 123 |

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| still half-covered | 138 |
| Cockanaya's Halloween Fun | 140 |
| Red Velvet, Black Velvet | 150 |
| roxykitten | 164 |
| Drones | 166 |
| (user was banned for this post) | 169 |
| Our Prince | 172 |
| exiled | 182 |
| canceranon | 196 |

I wish I hadn't gone up those stairs. I should've stayed at the bottom and let some other poor bastard make the discovery. But how could I ignore that godawful noise? That low, dull wailing, fitfully punctuated with high-pitched screams of grief. I couldn't bear it, and so I climbed the stairs. The pictures on the wall told nothing out of the ordinary: your average domestic happily married bliss. But of course, these had all been taken years ago, back before Andrew had to go away. In the later pictures you could already see the dark and troubled expressions clouding his face. And then, after a point, there were no pictures. The most recent photo was dated nearly 3 years ago. Its frame was smashed and judging from the dent in the wall, it looked like somebody had thrown it with tremendous anger. It was the most recent picture of them. The last one taken before Andrew was taken to the hospital. As much as I tried to convince myself that this was just a normal domestic row, I knew in my heart that I... I wouldn't be ready for what lay behind that door. And then I saw him. crouched over her body, blood everywhere. Up his arms. On the bed. Splattered across the wall and flecked across his face. Her limbs jutted out at broken angles, and her face... oh christ, her face. If it hadn't been their house, I wouldn't have known it was her. And there he was, just bawling his eyes out, still clutching the bloodied bronze statue, his face beetroot-red with rage, grief and bloody frenzy. Trying his best to push her mangled face back into some semblance of order, trying to smooth out the creases in her dress with his fumbling fingers.

Jesus christ, Andrew. Two days. That's all you'd been out for.
Two fucking days.



OVIPOSITIVE

author unknown

With an exasperated sigh, Rose Lalonde set down her crystal ball, and leaned against a pink slab of stone. It was very warm to the touch, as was the entire pitch black and steam-filled hallway she was in.

Despite making excellent time, it hadn't been easy getting down there. Tearing apart the eldritch temple looked after by her consorts was simple, but coercing them into sharing where the knowledge she sought wasn't.

With minimal force, she had found success, confronting an aging sage in a small study. He had warily listened to her stern requests, and told her that all she sought was in the deepest parts of the crypts, which cut through rainbow waterways and went deep near the core of the planet, where hot springs flowed and the most ancient of libraries lay dormant.

He had warned her, though, that she'd need to submit to extreme trials if she wished to have what she sought with so little effort. Rose ignored the warning, and went on her way, leaving her loyal consort Salamancer behind to be cared for.

It had been too exhausting and risky to rip open the earth itself to get at a treasure this deep, threatening to flood the hidden pockets she wished to dive into. So she had trucked it on foot, boring through stone and rushing down wet stairs, destroying the occasional minion.

It had grown almost unbearably warm and damp, though. The young necromancer had already captchalogued her shoes and socks, leaving her barefoot. Rubbing her black-painted toes, Lalonde sighed once more and began to adjust herself. The steam and heat of the walls made everything very wet, making her wish she had more suitable clothing on hand.

Pursing her lips, and mindful of the time, she opted for comfort. It was dark and steamy enough to render her nearly invisible to any prying eyes, she reasoned. First, she loosed the pink band about her waist, letting the dark robe go slack. She writhed her shoulders and bent her arms, pulling the collar so it stretched wide, pushing it down to her waist. Her upper body was exposed, revealing the pink shirt she wore underneath. It was incredibly tight and thin, making no secret of her braless chest. Her two pert, torpedo-shaped tits were plainly visible through the damp pink fabric, which clung to her skin wetly. She may as well have been wearing paint for all the coverage it afforded her, but it was vastly more comfortable to have the air on her skin.

She swore, Kanaya had made the shirt tight on purpose. She stared for a second in fascination at her lewd appearance, poking at one of her large nipples; her tits might have been small, but the nubs resting on top of them certainly weren't.

Realizing what she was doing, Rose shook her head and tsk'd. The hot air was dulling her brain; she knew it was no time to fondle herself like a hormone-addled sensualist. Instead, she summoned forth her compact and hair brush, and looked at herself in it, redoing her lips and eyes, and brushing her damp

hair back into place. She didn't have time to play with herself to calm down, but she damn well had time for the habit of making herself look good. Smacking her black lips, she put on the finishing touches, and started to make her way back down the hall.

Rose raised the orb high for light, her feet splashing in puddles, as she stared at the rivulets of water trailing down the walls, forming steam clouds that obscured her vision. The black robe sagged with water, outlining the shape of her legs and the sway of her hips as she walked.

The Seer successfully ignored her slowly hardening nipples, exhaling as her face flushed pink. Inwardly, she allowed a curse. The conditions she was in reminded her strongly of the hot showers she loved to take, which was also when she masturbated; her body was responding to the heat, quietly begging for attention.

Her steps slowed as she grit her teeth, angry that she was actually horny enough to let it affect her usual careful thinking. She debated trying to get off to have it over with quickly, but stubborn pride won, and she simply kept marching forth, doing her best to ignore how damp the air and her robe had made her panties, making each step a reminder as they rode up between her lips.

Just when she was starting to feel frustrated enough to want to do something about it, Rose stumbled, going shin-deep into a surge of hot water. Paying closer attention to her surroundings, she waved the steam away and observed that the passage had opened up into a misty cavern of water. Hot springs surged

forth all about in a melodious fashion, and scant rays of rainbow light came down from gems and moss growing in the ceiling.

It was quite beautiful, she had to admit. The walls of the cave were inscribed with mystic runes, seeming to detail the civilization of the consorts of her Land, and strange rituals she couldn't make immediate sense of, all seeming to revolve around egg-shaped objects. She was obviously someplace sacred to the turtles, not that she particularly cared.

Sloshing into the waters, Rose hiked up her robe, savoring the intense heat all around her as she waded knee-deep into the warm lake. Judging by the depth she was at, she had to be close to the crypts she sought. She was thankful for the more open and fresh air; the heat was enough to make her head spin, and edge dangerously close to hedonistic thoughts. Every surge of hot water that kissed against her thighs didn't help, nor did her outfit and makeup giving her the image of an eager bathhouse solicitor.

Flexing her legs as she pushed on, Rose let go of the nagging heat inside of her and fixated on the far end of the cavern. She spotted a large set of stairs that seemed to dip downwards, and moved to go descend them. As she neared the walls, she almost fell right into a drop in the lake floor, down into a swirling pool. She barely managed to catch herself, hands thrusting out to grab onto a slippery rock to hold herself steady, legs spread wide over the drop as one foot stepped onto a jutting step-stone.

Making a noise of disgust, Rose cursed the cavern for making her so sloppy and dense. She summoned forth the dark Thorns, intent on simply floating across the waters.

But the second the Thorns were in her free hand, the waters underneath her rippled and surged, as a small geyser of water shot up, directly between her spread legs.

The Seer didn't quite shout -- the sensation of hot water jetting directly against her mound provoked more of a surprised yelp, or, if she wanted to be honest with herself, a short, screaming moan. Her legs buckled as the flow pushed against her, and the Thorns slipped from her grasp, vanishing into the dark pool. She didn't dare let go lest she slip and fall against the rocks, forcing her to stand and let the hot waters gush against her. If not for her panties, the flow might have gone inside of her. The heat and force was still enough to induce an unexpected and stomach-wrenching orgasm.

It stopped quickly, leaving Rose with clenched teeth, drool dripping over her quivering black lips. Her thighs spasmed as she regained control; breathing unsteadily, she pulled her legs together and whimpered as she leaned against a stable rock. She didn't dare touch herself for fear of coming again, and could only rock her hips back and forth gently as she savored the afterglow.

Swallowing, the young woman looked at the pool in accusation, and swore to herself at the clumsy loss of her precious weapon. She would need to get it back right away. Still weak in the legs, Rose slowly slogged from the pool to try to regain her composure.

Muddled from the heat and her orgasm, she didn't notice the hulking shadow that had been observing her since she walked over the pool, and backed right into it. Rose whipped around in shock, but started to fall over, her footing lost. To her surprise her supposed assailant caught her; two huge arms of bulging fuchsia muscle caught her up and lifted her without effort out of the water.

Panic set in, and she raised a fist to fight back; but sensing no hostility, the Seer instead cleared her eyes and observed.

The two huge arms cradled her, attached to the body of a truly massive consort, easily taller than she was. It appeared to be some kind of dark colored turtle with draconic and humanoid features, back adorned by a glittering shell with gem-like spikes, which protected a powerful body of rocky muscle. It had the face of a dragon more than a turtle, and looked at her with dimwitted, but kind eyes. One claw reached up to brush away a strand of stray hair.

Rose licked her lips nervously; she didn't expect to meet a consort like this, much less unarmed and so compromised. Yet, it didn't appear hostile to her, for which she was grateful. She carefully didn't admit to herself that the sensation of being so easily lifted by the creature's strength was an elating. Lacking ideas, she swallowed, and tried diplomacy.

"Hello there. Thank you for catching me before I suffered an embarrassing fall. If you could set me down, I need help retri-- hey. Oh! Nhhhn."

The draconic consort grumbled pleasantly when she spoke, and began to stride across the cavern purposefully. Rose's legs ended up straddling one huge arm, silencing her with a panicked look; still sensitive from her surprise earlier, she found it hard to articulate anything when a bulging bicep was rubbing against her inner thighs. The Seer was growing flush with heat again, her body traitorously refusing to be calm after such a sudden release.

"L-listen. I n-need to get to the crypts beneath here. Pl-please just put me down and..."

Her train of thought was lost when she was set down in the center of a rocky outcroppings, onto a bed of warm, slimy, rainbow colored moss. Rose looked up, seeing a statue erected above the wet bed. Her eyes went wide with thrilled horror as she observed the monument;

It looked for all the world like a beautiful, well endowed woman holding onto a large egg. Rose's legs, spread wide apart, slowly slid closed as she felt a knot form in the pit of her stomach. She looked back to the hulking reptilian hybrid, as it slowly clambered onto the bed with her.

"Oh. Oh, oh no. No no no no... you mustn't. Just, wait."

The consort slowed and stopped, placing both hands down at either side of her body. Rose's breath quickened, her tits heaving as they pointed up proudly, each nipple rock hard and pleading for attention. She felt her legs slowly spread again; the young woman turned her head away as she considered what she was doing.

She needed to get into that crypt. She had been told there'd be a price. She was now helpless without her Thorns, and needed aid to get them back safely. Her logical side reasoned that this was the quickest and most fair trade to get what she wanted.

Of course, the hormone-drenched side of her mind, painted dark with lust, was telling her she wanted this badly. Rose had never been terribly interested in men to be sure, but one fantasy that had always aroused her xenophilic mind was the thought of being taken by a monstrous beast. And here she was now, on an altar of physical submission seemingly designed just for her, with a freakishly muscle-bound dragon-thing ready to have its way with her.

She was nearly hyperventilating. Her tongue wouldn't stop tracing against her pouting lips, and her legs were already pushed open so wide that they ached. The consort loomed overhead, hot drool leaking from its sharp teeth, eyes taking her in with a primordial kind of need.

Rose closed her eyes and squirmed a little, before she looked up. She nodded, frantically.

"F-fine. Do it. Do it! I consent; fuck me!"

The hybrid monster groaned loudly. There was a wet and vile sound from between its hunched legs, and Rose yelped as something heavy slapped down inches from her throbbing pussy. Daring to look, she saw a huge and misshapen organ, fat and bloated save for the tip, which was much thinner. She stared in fascination, and wondered how she could possibly couple with the beast without it killing her.

She felt it grasp her robe, and she screeched as it tore it to shreds, pulling her body up and letting it fall back down into the slime bed, making her ass slap wetly. Not wasting time, it grabbed her drenched panties and pulled, forcing them up into her slit. Rose stuttered a moan when the fabric started to scrape against her engorged clit, and she fell back down again when the bands finally snapped.

That was it. Lit by the rainbow glow of the moss, skin shiny with slime, Rose Lalonde spread her legs and was now utterly at the mercy of the consort. All that was left was the flimsy pink shirt she wore, now transparent against her wet skin. She began to fondle her nipples through the silky fabric, black lips pursed as she sucked in air in anticipation of penetration.

There was a pause, as the dragon-turtle looked down at her, and slowly leaned over to the statue's egg. It took the girl's cum-soaked panties, and rubbed them against the orb messily, and then did the same with some of its own precum, before finally slapping a handful of water on.

The statue changed color, shifting from a dull gray to a brilliant pink, as the ritual of mating began.

Rose, still occupied with her breasts, nearly threw herself off the mossy bed as she felt a spasm of fire rocket up her loins, and right into her womb. She felt a burning cramp of pain that quickly subsided into a throbbing heat. The horny Seer grunted as she pressed her hands between her legs, and curled up as the spasms continued. She could feel something changing inside of her, but had no idea what.

The consort waited patiently, until the orb dulled to a blushed pink. It then growled, and grabbed the legs of the young woman, forcing them wide open. Rose screamed, slapping her hands down and thrusting her chest up. Her entire body was on fire, aroused beyond what she thought possible. Drool spilled onto her bare stomach; she moaned in helpless desire as the snaking tip of the hulking turtle pressed against her red and swollen lips. Her clit, nearly an inch with arousal, stuck out needfully.

It was happening. Though she had put plenty of things inside of herself before, Rose had never been fucked by someone else. Her virginity would be given to the monstrous beast that towered above her.

The tip pushed in slowly; for all its aggression, the consort was not cruel. Rose let out a soft cry as she felt it penetrate her, worming its way in. The incredible girth pressed in slowly, struggling to slip past her engorged labia, and then into the tight confines beyond. Rose clenched her teeth and felt the air go out of her as she stared down, and watched her pussy expand impossibly wide to take the beast's size, going dark red as it throbbed madly. She couldn't think rationally, unable to comprehend through her lust how she was taking the turtle's fist-thick cock without being split open, much less enjoying every inch forced inside.

It wasn't long before it bottomed out, crammed into her distended pussy, the tip grinding hard against her cervix. Eyes closed and mouth wide open, Rose leaned back and pressed a hand down, feeling the huge reptilian cock squirming inside of her.

She let out an echoing scream as an orgasm took her by force. Her hips bucked madly, but the freakish organ was too big, trapped inside of her, leaving her stuck to the monster as she came. Her body seized up, and if anyone could see them from behind, they'd only observe two slender and pale legs thrashing against the sides of the dark colored monster.

Her orgasm lasted nearly a minute. Panting, Rose bent her head up and looked, staring with aroused fascination at the throbbing bulge outlined through her stomach. She could feel every inch of her insides being distended and filled, without a hint of pain beyond a dull throb. She rubbed the organ hard through her stomach, eager to keep going.

The consort took the hint, and suddenly pressed its weight down, forcing Rose to gasp as the air was stolen from her lungs. The beast pulled up, taking Rose's hips with it, and then pushed back down. Rose swore loudly, grabbing handfuls of slime and smearing them all over her tits. The turtle, ever-patient, held Rose down this time as it pulled. Rose stopped and tensed up right away, eyes rolling back as she felt the beast's girth begin to come out of her. She felt as though she were giving birth to the awful thing, and fell victim to another orgasm when it was halfway out.

She came to a few moments later, shaken and sweaty, and experienced a new sensation. The consort appeared to be coming inside of her, but not with force; she could feel its cock throbbing, the hard tip squirting out a small stream of hot fluid. It filled her slowly, and the Seer relaxed, letting watery mist spray her face as she savored the ache in her stomach. Part of her wondered if it was all over.

The answer came when she felt a spasm inside of her. It was small, but steady, and a moment of thought told her it was her cervix, reacting to the fluids being ejaculated against it. The young woman opened her mouth to speak, but was cut off when the consort suddenly leaned up and pushed into her again. Rose groaned and bit down, gripping the muscular arms. The two embraced as it made its way back inside of her... and when the tip bottomed out, she felt something.

Her cervix felt strange, weirdly warm and swollen, but without pain. The hard tip rubbed against it, sending a trill into her body, making her squirm and cry out.

When she felt the tip start to slowly penetrate her cervix, true panic overtook her, along with a smaller orgasm. Her mind was starting to blank out from sensory overload, and she pleaded with herself to ask how any of this was possible. Panic was shattered by need, though, when the tip popped through the tight ring of muscle, and ejaculated hot cum directly into her womb.

Rose couldn't even scream. The sensation was too much, and all she could manage was a noiseless exhale of air. It was inside of her, as deep as it could go. What the greedy Seer had not counted on, in her lust, was that she'd have to do more than just sexually service the beast.

The ritual was almost over. Taking care to hold on, the dragon-turtle began to audibly groan, thrusting in harder, forcing the tip to push against the back of Lalonde's womb, sending her into a mind-numbing series of orgasms. Tears rolled down her cheeks, stained black by mascara, as drool poured ceaselessly

past her clenched teeth. With her eyes rolling back into her head, Rose held on for dear life.

She only started to scream again when she felt the first egg make its way down the beast's ovipositor, making her pussy bulge obscenely as it muscled through. A small bump had already appeared below her navel, where the hot fluid gushed into her rapidly swelling womb. She almost passed out as the egg forced past her cervix, and then was laid inside of her securely.

The pleasure was beyond her reckoning. Protected by spells of fertility and breeding, Rose's body forced her to experience every sensation without the pain, cracking her mind with the sheer intensity of the fucking. No amount of masturbation could have steeled her for this.

When the second egg entered her, her mind and body finally gave out from the overload of sensations. She continued to spasm and groan as the eggs poured into her, her womb bulging with cum.

When the breeder consort was done, it pulled out slowly, its girth shrinking. There was a wet sucking noise as it popped out, followed by a loud squelch as the girl's pussy ejaculated a watery spray of cum. It did so several times, until it finally settled down, her clit pulsing up and down in orgasm.

Rose woke much later, groaning, her entire body warm and achey. She rolled onto her side and pressed a hand to her stomach, feeling its size; she easily looked 9 months pregnant now, and she could feel the heat in her womb as the eggs

pushed around. She could hardly believe what had happened.

Pushing herself up, the Seer cringed at her aching body. Swallowing hard, she looked around, and found the consort nowhere to be seen. However, lying next to her were two vital things; her recovered Thorns, and a soft white robe.

Shucking off her ruined shirt, Rose threw the robe on, and took the Thorns. For a long moment, she considered their use in purging her body of the eggs inside of her.

But after a pause, she reconsidered. There was no damage, and no pain, and she had consented to what had happened. She also admitted that the intense heat inside of her egg-impregnated womb felt... good. Rose sighed. Hopefully the eggs would come out soon. There was NO way she could explain this to the other three.

Walking slowly, holding her stomach carefully through the robe, Rose made her way to the edge of the cavern again near the stairs. She pulled the hood of her new robe up and sighed. But no sooner did she take a step, when she felt a flower of heat bloom in her stomach. Gasping, she pressed a hand to her mouth, and squatted down.

Something wanted to come out. She felt her cervix swell, and braced for pain -- but nothing hurt. The spells put on her seemed to want her to enjoy this. After a brief pause, Rose reached under her robe, and carefully grasped her still-erect clit, masturbating it.

Cooing softly, the Seer felt her pussy swell. She leaned her head back and cried out as she came again, as her cervix opened. An

egg pushed out, along with a hot gush of fluid, which quickly forced its way out. Grunting, Rose spread her abused lips, and made a happy sound as she gave birth to the fist-sized, prismatic-colored orb. It plopped down into the hot waters, and glowed brightly, ready to hatch.

Wiping her brow, Rose stood up, and regarded the egg fondly. She left it where it was, and moved on to the stairs of the crypt, her black lips curled into a contented smile. She had so many more inside of her ready to come out, when the time was right.



Cockanaya: A Love Story

Coleoptera

Your heart is racing as you slowly creep into the kitchen. What you are planning is not only risky, it is downright vile. Although the rational, moralistic Kanaya in your head cries out for you to stop, you are overpowered by a compelling, primal need. You want Rose. Need her. And you are willing to do whatever it takes to make that happen.

With a deep breath, you approach the stove. Rose likes to let her tea sit and cool for a while, which gives you some time to work. But if anyone walks in on what you are planning on doing, it will be disastrous. You check over your shoulders, double check, and then, with trembling fingers, reach down, unbutton your skirt, and slip a hand inside.

Your back arches as you lightly brush your seed flap, gasping. The added tension of the situation is making you incredibly sensitive; you will have to use great control not to cry out. Your hand returns to the flap, running a single finger up and down the slit. You are already quite moist, much to your embarrassment.

You groan quietly as you insert your other hand into your skirt. With the new hand, you began to tenderly rub your shame globes, the two tiny clitorises at the top of your flap.

That does the trick. A surge of pleasure fills your loins as you feel your bone bulge begin to unsheathe, emerging from your

slit slowly. Each dull throb sees the pole grow another few centimeters, and when it reaches around five inches, you wrap a single hand around the shaft.

A troll female possessing a bone bulge is by no means common, but it is also not unheard of. It is a trait unique to members of your sparse blood caste, and even within your caste it is quite rare. The trait is often seen as a blessing, signifying the individual's cosmic importance, thus most of the prominent jade-bloods, who work directly with the mothergrubs, possess this gift. The bulge is normally stored within the seed flap, making its owner visibly indistinguishable from the average troll female, but it emerges fully functional from the slit when its owner is sufficiently aroused.

You begin pumping slowly, inhaling and pursing your lips as your shaft continues to grow. Placing one hand on the counter in front of you to support yourself, you increase the speed of your jerking hand, moaning as quietly as you can manage. Finally the shaft's growth slows to a halt at the normal 10 inches, with a girth you can't quite fit your hand all the way around. The jade head bobs up and down with your pulse and the long, glowing shaft displays bulging veins. You take a moment to breathe and collect yourself before deciding there is no going back at this point.

Using the wetness still on your hands, you pump up and down the shaft quickly. You back up, resting against the counter with the small of your back as you continue. You roll back your head and close your eyes, breathing slowly.

You imagine Rose, as always. You start with her body. Rose's pert breasts. Rose's tight, round ass. Rose's beautiful face, those locks of shimmering gold, those alluring violet eyes, that adorable smile: she is perfect.

But you love so much more about Rose than her body. Rose's kindness. Rose's laugh. Rose's way with words. And most of all, the way Rose always seemed to instantly understand you more than you understood yourself. These were the things that made you so desperately in love with her.

But Rose wanted him.

You grimace as the idea slithers its way into your think pan. You can't stand it. Can't stand the way Rose talks about him. The way that the memories of their time together make her laugh like you cannot. The way even speaking his name makes Rose light up. The way she looks for him excitedly each time the meteor passes into a bubble, and her abject disappointment when he never appears. It makes your stomach twist and your heart sink.

No. You aren't going to lose Rose to him.

You open your eyes and furrow your brow. You are done with being the good friend that never becomes anything more. You are tired of being stepped on by everyone. You will have Rose, no matter what it takes. And you know just the way.

On Alternia, the greatest act of intimacy two lovers can perform is the ingestion of one another's genetic material. In addition to genetic information, the seed of a troll contains a powerful intoxicating agent, unique to each troll and as addictive as the

hardest drugs known to trollkind. After ingestion of a sufficient amount of another's genetic material, the partner begins to crave it constantly, and over time, they will become so dependent on it that some have even been known to perish from the withdrawal after their partner left them or died. The quadrant system originated from this, as you are truly tied to your partners permanently after taking that final step.

However, this ingestion wasn't always a consensual occurrence. Some of the oldest love stories in Alternian lore consisted of brilliant ploys by the protagonist to ensnare an unaware or unreciprocated love with the power of his or her genetic material. Your personal favorite series of romance novels, The Daybreak Saga, (which some imbeciles have the unbelievable nerve to refer to as "trashy") stars Edwird Kullin, a suave rainbowdrinker. In the climax of the trilogy, he fiercely and forcefully violates the object of his unrequited affection, Izbela Sworne, only to coolly reveal that he had been secretly slipping his genetic material into her perfume for months, and that the ravishing was only the start of a beautiful, inescapable romance. This sort of subterfuge was seen as the most assertive, passionate form of courtship possible, as well as both scandalous and incredibly romantic.

And that is exactly what you want. You are tired of being nice and patient and reserved. You have been living that way your entire life, and all it has led to is loneliness. You had watched Vriska slip through your fingers, but not Rose. You decided that you were done losing the things you loved due to your passiveness. You are going to do things just as Edwird had. You are going to make Rose addicted to your essence, completely

defile her with your lustful spear, and win her love in spite of it all. You are going to take charge.

You increase your speed, feeling a small fire begin to build up in the base of your shaft. You quickly step over to the sink and angle your cock toward its base. Trolls are typically capable of releasing up to a couple of liters of genetic material per orgasm, and that would be far too much to slip into someone's tea. You only need a small amount.

Your hips begin to rock back and forth in rhythm with your pumps, and your breathing grows ragged. Pressure is building. Your cock thumps heavily with each pulse. You extend one hand in front of your pork pole, the other continuing to stroke it rapidly. You can't help but let out a low whine as you feel it rush up through your shaft.

The jade sperm explodes out of your cock, completely coating your hand. The pleasure is too much. Your knees begin to give out, and your hips buck instinctually. Shot after shot of thick jade cream erupts out, each accompanied by another throb of your radiant bulge. The musky scent of sex wafts out of the quickly-filling sink and penetrates the room.

Finally, after releasing dozens of shots and after filling the large sink to nearly half capacity, your orgasm relents. You stumble back a bit, legs barely able to sustain you. You cast weary a glace downward and see a small pool of your seed resting in your cupped hand. As your cock slowly deflates and recedes back into your skirt, every fiber of your being wants to give out. But you know there is still work to be done.

After a few shaky steps, you approach the stove with purpose. You quickly take the top off the teapot and hold the hand cradling the sperm above the small hole. You pause for a moment and consider whether you really wanted to do this. You could not live with yourself if you let your beloved slip away, but some fundamental part of yourself knows that this is wrong. If you truly love Rose, can you really betray her like this?

You almost pull your hand away, but you shake your head and strengthen your resolve. No, you aren't doing this to Rose; you are doing it for Rose. So you can be together and be happy. It is your destiny.

With small exhale and curt nod, you upturn your hand and watch the thick goo slowly droop into a large globule, finally snapping free and falling into the tea. It was done.

You reach over for a nearby spoon and stir the tea well. The sperm dissolves slowly, and for a moment you are afraid it might remain visible, but with a few more stirs it completely infuses with the dark water. You then place the cap back on the pot and let loose a huge sigh of relief, glad that the ordeal is over.

You take only a single step toward the sink when Rose walks through the door.

"Hello, Kanaya," Rose says with a small smile, walking toward you and the stove.

You freeze for a moment. Then the dreadful realization hits you. The sink. The sink is still a mess. Still nearly filled to the

brim with your spunk. You had to clean the sink or Rose would know and it would all fall apart.

"H-hello Rose how are you coming for your tea? that's nice," you blurt out as you attempt to walk toward the sink in the most composed manner you can muster. Unfortunately, it appears more like you are trying to shuffle like an imperial drone with a stick up its protein chute than anything resembling a calm stride.

"...yes, that is correct," remarks Rose, her voice coated with obvious intrigue, eyeing you with suspicion, "and may I ask what brings my dear friend Kanaya into the kitchen this fine morning? Not that the word 'morning' has much significance in this timeless void, I suppose."

You make your way over to the sink and twist both knobs violently. The water cascades onto the sperm, but it is simply too thick to go down the drain at any more than a trickle.

"I, uh, well, I," you stutter, desperately attempting to break the tension of the cum by stirring the water-sperm slurry with your index finger, "I..."

And then it dawns on you.

"I made some grubsauce!" you exclaim, a bit too excitedly, "and it did not turn out well, so I poured it into the sink, and now I am attempting to get it to flush down the drain because it is not of acceptable quality, which is what I is doing when you walked in because I made bad grubsauce, you see."

Rose looks at you, a little bewildered.

"Grubsauce, you say," says Rose inquisitively, walking over to the sink and peering at the green, watery sludge.

"I really wish you would have let me sample your exotic Alternian delicacy before you forced it down our sink," adds Rose teasingly, turning her gaze from the slowly depleting green slop to you, "I'm sure it couldn't have been worse than the scrumptious culinary delights Karkat is always concocting."

You force a laugh.

"I suppose," you say, watching the slime, it finally seeming to be running out.

"In fact," Rose utters, with a tiny impish grin, before promptly dipping her finger into what is remaining of the slime. A thick dollop of sperm coats Rose's index finger as she quickly pops it into her mouth.

Your jaw drops. Rose removes her finger from her mouth, a small trail of green slime still trailing from her lips to the digit. She swishes the substance around in her mouth for a moment, eyebrows furrowed in contemplation. After a moment, Rose grimaces and forces herself to swallow.

"Okay," she coughs, swallowing again in an attempt to rid her mouth of the veneer of sperm that now coats it, "I'm sorry, but that is dreadful Kanaya. I should have taken your word."

You remain speechless. You can feel your face burning. Rose looks up, sees your visage, and gives a small, reassuring smile.

"It's fine, Kanaya," she says, giving you a gentle pat on the shoulder, "It is just one batch. I'm certain your grubsauce is

usually much more... adequate."

You blink a few times before finally regaining yourself.

"Oh, y-yes," you say, "thank you."

Rose smiles before turning back to her tea and grabbing a small cup. She fills the cup with the drink and quickly takes in a mouthful, swirling it around in her mouth and swallowing. She pauses.

"Nope," she sighs, walking out of the kitchen, cup in hand, "I can still taste it."

As soon as Rose is out the door, you nearly collapse. That was too close. A glace over to the sink informs you that the genetic material has finally made its way down the drain completely. A maternal part of you wants to scrub the sink clean, but you are far too exhausted to do anything but go to your room and pass out.

As you make your way down the hallway, you think one thing to yourself.

'Next time, use a little less sperm.'

From that day forward, you make sure to mix some of your seed into every pot of tea Rose makes each morning, never missing a day. Besides a few close calls, you are able to pull it off without a hitch each day, with no one discovering what you have been doing. The daily consumption of your cum means that Rose is quickly becoming dependent on it. However, because she

ingests such a small amount each day, she is also not getting enough of a fix to stave off the ill effects of withdrawal.

After the first few days, Rose begins to become increasingly irritable as the day wears on. For most of the day, after she imbibes her tea and unknowingly gets her fix of your cum, Rose is her normal self. But as the evening creeps up and the minor withdrawal symptoms begin to set in, her mood sours, her mind loses focus, and she begins to go to bed earlier.

After a couple weeks pass, Rose begins to display physical symptoms. Her eyes pain and trouble her, and her vision often blurs for several seconds seemingly at random throughout the day. She often complains of headaches and stomach pains, and her smile all but vanishes. Rose only seems herself for about half the day, after which her symptoms began to set in. Your conscious begins to trouble you again during this period, and you wonder if you should stop now and just forget this. However, through reminding yourself of the ultimate outcome of all of this and by making yourself responsible for helping Rose deal with her symptoms, you persevere.

After a month, Rose's symptoms become more severe. She now shakes constantly, her hand so jittery that she can no longer even write. She suffers serious migraines frequently, and alchemized medicines no longer seem to be helping. She ascends from persistent irritability to constant seething rage. She seems constantly lethargic, no longer sewing or spending time with her friends. The only activity she still seems at all interested in is searching for him every time the meteor traverses through a bubble, much to your chagrin. The others

begin to suspect she has caught some sort of serious illness, but none are knowledgeable enough to try to help.

When a month and a half has passed, Rose is bedridden almost constantly. Her entire body pains her tortuously, arms too weak to even lift her favorite tomes. You bring her tea each morning, forcing more jizz into her system. It is at this time that you decide it is time to initiate the final part of your plan.

After making sure everyone else will be preoccupied with something on the other side of the meteor for a few hours, you enter Rose's bedroom in the nude at around midnight. A small, dim bedside lamp provides the only source of light in the room, besides your own glow that is. The blonde is asleep, hair rustled messily and noticeably paler than usual. You look down at the multiple tools you are cradling in your arms. Three pairs of hand cuffs and a gag: all essential to your plan. You silently creep over to Rose's bed.

You carefully remove Rose's comforter, exposing the light blue, oversized button-down shirt (one she had knitted for him, to your utter dismay) and small pink panties she is wearing. After placing your tools at the foot of the bed, you slowly flip Rose onto her stomach with the utmost care. You wince as she stirs a bit, but the human girl slips back into her exhausted slumber with only a murmur. You breathe a silent sigh of relief and retrieve the cuffs and gag.

You next tenderly lock one end of the first handcuff around Rose's left ankle, and fasten the other end of it around the tall bottom left bedpost. You do the same with her right ankle, latching it to the bottom right post, spreading her legs. The

final pair of handcuffs you use to fasten Rose's hands together behind her back. Rose shifts a bit in her sleep, but does not wake. The blonde is now completely restrained.

You climb onto the bed and crawl up to the headboard, in front of Rose's head. You look down at your last remaining tool: the gag. It is an O-ring gag, one which forces the subject's mouth open to allow the passage of phallic objects with no fear of being bitten. You had to carefully customize this gag for yourself during alchemization, due to your cock's unnaturally thick girth.

You carefully lift Rose's head from its face-down position to face you. In one quick movement, you pry her jaw wide open with one hand and shove the gag in with the other. It pushes her jaw to its limits, but the gag fits into her mouth successfully. Rose's eyes flutter open, and you quickly tie the gag's strings behind her head, locking it in place.

Finishing your work, you sit back. Rose slowly blinks her way into consciousness. She first looks up at you groggily with a confused glance, and then turns her head to look backwards when she discovers she cannot move her arms or legs. She turns back to you with her brow knitted in confusion, and she tries to speak, only for meaningless noise to come from her throat. She looks down in surprise, noticing the gag for the first time.

"Rose," you whisper, and Rose quickly looks back up to you, now fully awake, "I am aware of what has been ailing you for the past while. I know why you are ill. And I know how to free you from this malady. After I accomplish this, we will be together as matesprits."

The confused expression on Rose's face turns to one of anxiety. She tries to say something, only for the gag to make it sound like wordless nonsense yet again. She groans in frustration before looking up at you and shaking her head slowly from side to side.

"I am sorry, Rose," you murmur, looking away, "I promise this will all turn out all right."

You reach down and begin to finger yourself, staring over Rose's head to her panty-clad ass. She gives a noise of exasperation and begins to shake back and forth, trying to somehow break free of her restraints. She lifts her legs as high as she can, but the bedposts are several feet tall, almost reaching the roof. Rose would never be able to just slide them off the top.

"Ah cah rayk ee kuhs!" she roars vehemently through the gag.

"You can't break those cuffs," you inform her quietly.

She then bellows gutturally as she attempts to break the cuffs locking her arms together through sheer force. When that fails, she trashes her legs wildly, trying to free her ankles from their steel traps. Meanwhile, you continue to stare at Rose's butt, as her struggling makes it shake, jiggle, and bounce around. After another minute or so of useless flailing, Rose finally collapses, panting heavily, drool starting to trail out of her mouth due to the gag.

You get off the bed and walk behind Rose, crawling back onto the bed between her spread legs. Placing one hand on each of her ankles, you run your slender fingers from Rose's ankles, slowly, up the length of the leg, until each hand finds their

home on one of Rose's supple cheeks, groping them tenderly. Rose whines in displeasure.

You grip the meaty orbs firmly, relishing the feeling. You first move them away from each other, spreading the cheeks and causing the tight pink panties to bunch up in the crack. Her smooth, pale cheeks are now fully visible. You feel your heart leap. You continue to play with the cheeks, pushing them together and massaging them for some time. Rose makes a few jerky movements of protest, but mostly remains quiet during gluteal assault. You end by giving each cheek a kiss, causing Rose to jump each time, and marking her hindquarters with two faint marks of your black lipstick.

That had done it for you. You are beyond sufficiently aroused. Your bulge had been pulsing up out of its hiding place during the entire ass massage, and is now at full mast. You rest the meaty spam porpoise between Rose's cheeks with a dull slap, and Rose makes a strangled noise of confusion. Pushing the two jiggly cheeks together, you begin thrusting your hot dick in between them, hotdogging Rose's supple ass. Rose makes more noises of disbelief, attempting to look over her shoulder, but is unable to get a good look on what exactly the hell you are doing to her.

After an approximate minute of hotdogging, you stop and reluctantly let the pliant cheeks go. You wrap one finger around each band of Rose's panties. She gasps and then spreads her legs as far as she can in defiance, causing the panties to be unable to descend past the top of her ass. You frown for a moment before simply tearing the panties off, destroying them.

"I really did not desire to do that, Rose," you say, with a hint of disappointment in your voice, "Those undergarments were very stylish and alluring. I am sorry."

Rose begins to make various angry noises, but you are far too preoccupied by what is in front of you to try to determine what Rose is trying to say. The completely naked butt of Rose Lalonde lies before you; a small pink slit positioned directly below and between the cheeks, the anus is hidden from your ogling by the pale mounds.

You scoot up on the bed, positioning your member with one hand. Rose freezes up completely when she feels the warm tip rest against her opening.

She cries out desperately, shaking her head wildly and thrashing her whole body in protest.

You place one hand on the small of her back and stroke her reassuringly.

"Shhhh," you whisper, "it's okay, it's okay."

Rose lets out a few strangled sobs, tears streaming from her eyes. You grip her hips with and hand on each side and push your hips forward.

And nothing happens. Your massively girthy member simply prods Rose, unable to penetrate the tight slit. You reposition yourself and try again, to no avail. For a moment, Rose feels a wave of cautious relief wash over her, realizing she may escape this unviolated.

That hope is dashed when you pull up on Rose's hips, dragging her front half backwards and putting Rose's ass up in the air. Getting on your knees behind the blonde, you position your dick yet again at the slit, and push your hips forward hard.

At first, it appears you will be denied entry once more, but with an extra bit of oomph, your cock finally pierces the narrow opening. When the thick head penetrates the initial resistance, the pussy gives way entirely, and in less than a second your dick fills her cunt completely, plowing past her hymen and slamming against her cervix.

Every atom in Rose's body freezes.

"Oops," you whisper, "I did not mean to go that fast."

After a silent moment, a deafening scream erupts out of Rose's throat, followed by hoarse, indistinguishable gibberish. You feel awful. You honestly did not mean for that to happen. You wanted Rose to find this pleasurable, even if she didn't have a choice in its occurrence. You pull back slightly, removing an inch of your incandescent, pulsing virility from Rose's distended pussy, and you see a smear of ruby blood covering it. You shrug and guess it is a part of human reproduction. Trolls have no concept of hymens.

After pulling out several more inches, you slowly slide the dick back in. Rose had calmed somewhat, and now would just release the occasional sob. You slide about four inches out, and then slowly reinsert your ten-inch cock to a little over half its length, as deep as her pussy can take it. You begin to do this in a steady rhythm, increasing the speed of your thrusts little by

little. Your thighs make a small clap as they slap together with each hump. Rose continues to make defeated sputters every thrust.

You have noticed that, after your dick is in about six inches or so, it feels like you are pushing against a wall. This unfortunately impedes your ability to thrust, but you quickly realize that the crown of your cock is brushing against some sort of tight ring of muscle on every other thrust. The next time you feel your dick press up against it, you slow down, carefully positioning the head of your cock to align with the ring. You begin to push forward, and, although there is great resistance from the ring of muscle, it begins to widen to allow you cock entry. The withdrawal has weakened all of Rose's muscles, including this one. Rose shrieks horribly, kicks her legs wildly, and tries to move her hips away, but you are persistent.

With a quick, forceful hump, your cock's head completely penetrates the ring. It constricts around your cock deliciously. It feels absolutely amazing. Rose wails again, but you are much too enthralled with pushing your dick into this new territory to realize. You successfully manage to fit the remaining length of your cock into what, unbeknownst to you, is Rose's womb, before bottoming out and finally driving your dick in to the hilt. You are now completely submerged in her hot cunt. You decide only to pull out three inches or so during your thrusts from now on, to make sure you remain inside this exquisitely tight ring.

You continue to fuck Rose, increasing in the intensity and speed of your thrusts as time goes on, your cockhead never leaving its home in her womb. Your thighs slap against hers vulgarly. Her

pussy seems to be getting a little wetter as you start pumping more fiercely, but that may just be the blood dripping from it. After a solid ten minutes of fucking Rose Lalonde as hard as you can, you feel an orgasm approaching. You flop back, sliding all ten inches of your meat out of her with a loud 'shlick', and sit back on your elbows and ass, gasping for breath.

Rose's pussy is gaping wide, blood and clear fluid running down her thighs. Rose is whimpering and heaving like she just ran ten miles, but you think she's okay. After giving yourself a minute to rest and catch your breath, you decide it's time to move on.

Getting back on your knees, you scoot forward again, placing a hand on each of the cheeks of Rose's still-raised ass. You pull the sweat-slicked globes apart, revealing Rose's tiny asshole. It appears to be much smaller than her pussy and far too small for something like your viridian spire, but you decide that true love always finds a way.

You attempt to wriggle one of your fingers into the tiny hole, but it is just too tight. Rose squeals and yanks her hips forward, but you simply pull them back into place and continue your attempts at probing. After a couple of minutes of persistent poking, you finally manage to slip an inch of your index finger inside, and Rose lets out a low groan. You begin pumping that finger in and out, deeper and deeper each time, until it is fully buried in her ass. That will have to be good enough, you decide, removing your finger.

Pulling her hips to yours, you position the throbbing, green crown of your dick in front of her anus. Rose merely sobs, defeated. You lick your lips and push your hips forward.

At first her ass resists, but this time you know what to expect, and you are committed. The blood from her broken hymen and the vaginal fluids that still coat your dick act as excellent lubricants. The ass continues to defy you, but you simply continue to push harder and harder. It's kind of starting to hurt, but you continue regardless, and suddenly you notice your cock head has entered the asshole a few centimeters. Rose begins shrieking louder than you thought imaginable.

Unlike her pussy, her ass does not seem to be giving way. You force your dick in, inch by inch, centimeter by centimeter, all while Rose flails wildly. This hole is completely different from her pussy. It's not as fantastically wet, but it's even more tight and hot and is intriguingly sticky, squeezing your dick relentlessly and seeming to want to never let go. Your cock throbs happily, stretching her asshole even further. After a few minutes of easing yourself in, you finally feel your pelvis connect with her soft buttocks. You are completely engulfed in Rose's ass.

Rose continues to flip out, but you are having your own problems. As you attempt to pull back, the asshole holds firm around your dick. You don't know how you're supposed to fuck this hot butt if you can't even hump. Sighing, you begin to pump back and forth to the best of your abilities, removing and inch or so before sliding it back in.

Rose finally seems to have quit screaming bloody murder and switched to 'hyperventilate mode.' As you continue your anal assault, the ass appears to be slightly loosening, and that, combined with the additional lubrication provided by your pre-

cum, allows the fucking to proceed more smoothly. In fifteen minutes or so, you're assfucking Rose Lalonde almost as quickly as you were fucking her pussy, and just as hard. You repeatedly pull your cock out completely and then slam it in to the hilt, causing Rose to yelp in pain every time. There's a familiar tingling in your loins, and you slide your cock out of her distended hole, making a cute popping noise.

You lie back again, to assess what you've accomplished. Rose's pussy appears to have reverted more or less back to its normal state, but her ass is positively gaping. Rose herself is panting quite hard, occasionally mumbling ragged, incoherent gobbledegook, and twitching every now and then. She seems to be pretty worn out, and you're honestly getting a little tired too. It's time for the grand finale, you decide.

You step off the bed on wobbly legs and walk back around to the headboard. As you climb on the bed in front of Lalonde, she weakly turns her head up to look at you. You can see in her eyes that she's wondering if the ordeal is finally finished.

"It's almost over Rose, I promise," you say, crawling over to kneel in front of her face, "after this, I will release you from your bonds, and if you wish to inform everyone of what I have done or even kill me yourself, I will not attempt to stop you."

You suddenly remember the famous line that Edwird Kullin spoke when he had just finished ravishing Izbela Sworne and was about to dramatically reveal that she had been addicted to his sperm for weeks.

"But I think you will cum to seed it my way soon enough, my sweet," you declare, in the most suave voice you possess.

She stares at you bewilderedly, before slowly nodding. You smile.

"Good. Now raise your head, Rose."

With your help, Rose lifts her head, balancing awkwardly on her knees. You get on your knees once more and move forward, placing your pulsating member at the entrance of the gag. Rose stares at it with wide eyes. Despite being fucked silly by it, this is the first time she's ever seen the thing up close. Her visage is a cross between horrified and morbidly curious.

You place one hand under her chin and one on the back of her head and line her face up with your cock. She looks up at you fearfully. You slowly ease your shaft into the ring, only pushing into her mouth an inch or two before you stop. Her tongue twitches, and you realize that even if she wanted to use it to pleasure you, she could not. Her tongue is completely pinned under the weight and girth of your cock.

You press forward; watching four inches of your pole disappear into her face. Her face contorts as you feel her gag around your dick. You stop and wait for it to pass before pushing another inch in. Tears stream down her face and her eyes screw shut. You ease in another three inches, hearing her gurgle as you enter her esophagus. You see her eyes bulge and feel a strong pressure rise against your dick. You hold fast, and the pressure slowly sinks back down her throat. You realize she just vomited, but your dick's thickness obstructed her throat so completely that the vomit had nowhere to go but back down. Rose is now shaking all over, eyes wide and tears flowing freeing.

You push the final few inches in, feeling her nose press against your pelvis. You throw your head back for a moment, bucking your hips a bit and enjoying the tight squeeze, the constant swallowing movement and the strange texture of her throat. As you look back down at her lovingly, you realize her eyes have rolled into the back of her head and her face is beginning to turn purple. Oh yeah. That whole air thing.

You quickly pull your hips back, removing your entire dick. A massive gasp explodes from Rose as soon as your cock is free of her airway. Her eyes roll back down and the color of her complexion slowly fades back to normal. A long, thick trail of saliva and mucus trails from the crest of your cock to her mouth. She regains her senses, taking a moment to gather her bearings before shooting you a nasty look.

"Sorry..." you whisper. It doesn't look like she buys it.

Re-steadying Rose's head, you push your dick back into the depths of her wonderful throat, driving your dick to its hilt in one thrust. Rose is shocked and you feel her wretch around your pole, but you quickly pull out the majority of your dick and then shove it back in again. She attempts to pull her head back, away from you, but you simply wrap your arms around her head and hump even harder. You thrust faster and faster, completely filling her throat before giving her a tiny window to snort in desperate breaths. You are now throatfucking Rose Lalonde, and hard.

Rose's eyes bug out of her skull as you pick up the pace and fierceness of your fucking. You continually pull out until only the thick head of your cock rests on her tongue, and then shove

the entire thing down her windpipe again with a loud squelch. You realize that, with the depths you plunge, you must be fucking her chest cavity.

Every once in a while, you shove your cock down to its hilt and just stop, sometimes lightly humping, enjoying the incomparable feeling of your penis being complete engulfed in her amazing throat. She tries to wrench her head free when you do this, but you are easily able to firmly hold it still. You cannot help but bask in this feeling for minutes at a time, watching Rose's face contort and change colors, tears exploding down her cheeks, eyes slowly sliding up into her head, choking into unconsciousness on your dick. When her body goes slack, you spend a few more short moments in bliss before slowly removing the dick from her throat, making sure to keep the tip in her mouth. You watch as she inhales deeply through her nose for several seconds, eyes returning to their original positions. As soon as she regains consciousness, you resume the intense facefucking session.

Her throat is absolutely astounding. It squeezes your dick every time she tries to swallow, and her gurgles and quick inhales through her nose are adorable. It trumps Rose's other holes by miles. Her face alternates between wincing and wide-eyed gagging as you fuck her face for all your worth. You feel a great pressure building up at the base of your dick, and you are prepared to take the final step.

You thrust as hard and as fast as you can for another twenty seconds before shoving your cock as deeper than ever before, slamming her face into your crotch. Your cock swells, stretching

her throat past its limits. You yell in ecstasy as you feel the sweet relief you've been avoiding all night.

Jet after jet of cum explodes from your cock, deep in her throat, directly into her stomach. You cum more than you ever have before, releasing what must be an entire gallon of jizz into her core, watching her tiny stomach distend from the cum being dumped into it.

Rose's eyes bulge out of her head, but as the cum fills her stomach, her eyebrows unknit from their pained position into a surprised one. You watch as her beautiful violet eyes glaze over and lose focus, pupils dilating. Her body stops twitching all over and then stills completely.

After one last massive spurt of spunk, you finally fall back on your ass, all ten inches of your dick sliding out noisily. Rose takes another massive inhale of air, but remains unmoved, still balanced awkwardly on her knees, drool pouring freely from mouth.

After a moment, you silently ease off the bed and retrieve the key to the cuffs, releasing Rose's arms and legs. You then remove the gag. You're amazed by the sheer amount of slime and spit that trails off with it. Rose falls over on her side, still out of it.

"Rose...?" you tenderly ask, breaking the silence.

Her eyes drunkenly slide toward you.

"Why... do I feel... like...?" Rose whispers in a broken voice, slurring and horribly hoarse from the screaming and

throatfucking. You sit on the bed with her, placing one hand on her arm.

"It is my genetic material, Rose," you say, "You need it to live now."

She's silent for a moment. She coughs. More silence.

"Now we are going to become, or I guess should become, um," you mumble, looking for words, "become... um, you know... matespirits? I will provide you with large amounts of my genetic material frequently, in the same manner that I have tonight."

A moment passes before Rose struggles to sit up and then looks you in the eye. In her expression, you see serenity, calmness, and peace. She places a hand on yours.

"...okay," she says, hollowly.

"Okay?" you ask, "You mean you want to... that you will be my..."

"Okay," Rose repeats, without a hint of emotion in her voice. She no longer cares about what you had done to her. She no longer cares about her dignity. She no longer even cares about him. All that matters to her now is this all-consuming feeling; this orgasmic reprieve from the weeks of torture she has suffered. She is utterly broken, a slave to your drug. Her body and mind are yours and yours alone, forever.

You let out a soft cry of happiness and wrap your arms around Rose, embracing her. After a moment, she slowly

returns the embrace, resting her head on your shoulder. There has never been a more happy moment in your life. The girl of your dreams is yours. You're so overjoyed, you don't even notice the single tear roll across your shoulder and down your back, the last piece of a girl's sanity seeping into a filthy blanket.



ROSE: Receive the Best Birthday Present

Waifuanon

Your name is ROSE LALONDE. Your birthday is on DECEMBER 4th, which happens to be TODAY. You will be turning SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, You are prepared to spend the day with several of your CLOSE FRIENDS while simultaneously avoiding your MOTHER who will surely try to one-up you this day by showering you with GIFTS, all of which will be ludicrously GARISH and which you will HATE.

However, when you awaken this winter morning, something is incredibly wrong. For one, your arms refuse to move, and in fact your entire body will not move. While the fog of sleep clears, you become aware that you aren't even in your bed anymore. You have been strung up in your bedroom, nude and hanging from the hooks used to hold hanging plants, with your arms bound behind your back and your legs folded up in a sort of hog tie.

This can really only be the work of your mother, so instead of panicking you merely wait for your mother to strut in from her drunken stupor.

When Ms. Lalonde does come into the room, she's not alone. She has a body thrown over her shoulder, arms and legs bound and mouth gagged. None of these things are necessary, as the person has been drugged before hand, but Ms. Lalonde prefers the look in the given context.

Rose looks on impassively as her mother stumbles a bit into the bedroom, both from the alcoholic beverage she has surely had previously and from the weight of the body. As soon as she dumps the drugged youth on the bed, however, Rose's eyes widen, just for a second but she already knows her mother's seen it and has taken it as her first victory in this battle.

"Mother, what is he doing here?" She steadies her voice forcing herself to look uninterested in the fact that her own mother is now stripping perhaps the one guy she's ever liked. It's silent except for the sound of clothes moving and John groaning in his unconscious state.

"It's your birthday, dear." Rose hates being called that. "And I thought that I would give you the best present I could, and what else would you love more than...oh what was it? Jack?" Mom frowns, pausing in her efforts to tie John's limbs to the bed posts.

"John, mother. His name is John." Rose will not ask how her mother even managed to get him all the way here so soon, refusing to indulge in her mother's horseshit. She can see her mother nod her head before returning to work. When she steps back with a satisfied murmur, Rose can finally get a clear look at her friend.

And John fucking Egbert is hung. Not a monstrous thirteen inch dick or anything, but he is certainly far larger than Rose thinks she's capable of taking. Her mother leaves the room, keeping Rose suspended in the air and unable to do much of anything. Not that she could do anything anyway,

with John still passed out. And of course, when her mom returns she's carrying a glass of vodka in one hand with the other clenched in a fist.

“Insurance,” Mom’s voice sounded almost giddy as she flashed a small pill towards Rose before removing John’s gag and slipping him the pill. After making sure he swallowed, she replaced the gag and nodded, more to herself than anything, in approval.

And if Rose isn’t completely freaked out before, she is once her mother begins stroking her buck-toothed friend. Her hand glides over his flaccid length, alternating between squeezing roughly and holding it gently. She continues like this for a few minutes, varying speeding until she manages to get him half hard which is when John starts to stir, blinking rapidly to get used to the light. Big blue eyes widen behind his usual black-rimmed glasses when he notices a naked Rose in the air and her mother fondling his junk.

“Mrf Mrmda?” John utters what might have been a horrified scream, immediately starting to struggle against his bonds. Ignoring him, Mrs. Lalonde licks her lips before dipping her head down to swallow him completely in one go. John’s already big eyes go impossibly wide, his body stilling for a moment before twitching and jerking, moving on its own accord to match the pace of Mom’s hot mouth bobbing up and down. Rose cringes at the sound of sloppy slurping, watching her mother move from the base all the way to the tip, swirling her tongue around the head before greedily sucking him whole, smearing her lipstick along him.

John starts to let out needy, confused whimpers, squeezing his eyes shut and still thrashing from side to side. The heat from Mom's mouth feels like it's radiating through his entire body and his dick is hard enough to ache. There's a coiling burning in his abdomen that feels like it's winding tighter and tighter, and John starts clenching and un-clenching his fist, groaning and bucking his hips.

Mom pulls away slowly, John's dick springing out of her mouth with a loud pop, and Rose stares, slack-jaw. Her MOTHER has just sucked John's DICK, and even if she wanted to pretend it hadn't happened she couldn't deny the sheen of spittle coating his length. The entire situation is too surreal, too out of control to actually be happening. And yet, her mother is already crossing the room towards her, eyes glassy and before she even gets that close, Rose can smell the mixture of alcohol and arousal coming from her in waves.

"Mother, this is going entirely to far. I must implore you to reconsider your birthday present and release me and John at on-" Rose is cut off by Mom promptly stuffing her mouth with a pair of her own dirty panties. The blond narrows her eyes at the woman, watching as she saunters her way behind Rose. It doesn't take very long though for Mom to make her move, and the older woman is bending forward so that she can speak directly into Rose's ear,

"You really should enjoy yourself more, dear. It's your birthday after all." Rose can't really tell if her mother is trying to be serious or not, considering the fact that while whispering in her ear, she's got her hands groping Rose's small breasts. It feels a

lot better than she wants to admit, having a pair of hands other than her own squeezing her tits and toying with her nipples. When she remembers it's her mother currently managing to get her body to tingle and grow warm, Rose feels disgusted and horrified.

Her mother is still mumbling into her ear, telling her to enjoy herself, when she starts sliding one hand along her stomach and sides, up to her neck to clutch it for a moment as if about to strangle her, and then back down to her breast. Even from something as little as having her nipples tweaked and pulled, Rose can feel herself getting wet. And then, her legs are suddenly freed, dangling a few inches above the floor. Her arms are still bound, and her mother has managed to still keep her suspended in the air, but she's can't see how.

Not that it matters because Rose is distracted by a completely different problem involving her mother's mouth clamped around one of her nipples. She squirms, uncomfortable with both the fact that her MOTHER is sucking on her tit like a baby and the fact that she finds the feeling of being suckled incredibly arousing. While nibbling on one breast, Mom grabs onto the other to continue kneeing and fondling, feeling her daughter's breath quicken.

Rose squeals through the panties still in her mouth when her mother slides two fingers inside of her with ease. And then the woman haws the gall to look up at her with her eyes glazed and lidded, and her lips still wrapped around one perky breast, smearing her lipstick all over her pale skin. The teen can't help but shudder at the sight, and that is enough to give Rose a startling realization.

Her mother isn't trying to one-up her by fucking John in front of her and then forcing her to orgasm. The girl's mind starts to race as she feels her mother work another finger into her, wiggling and flexing and managing to get her even wetter than before. Her drunken, insane mother was going to have her fuck John Egbert. And for probably the first time in her life, Rose is scared. Her heart feels like it's going to thump right out of her chest, her throat becoming painfully tight.

She's so focused on her feelings that she barely notices when her feet touch the ground, or when she's hoisted up into her mother's arms, or even when she's carried over to the bed. She does notice that John is whimpering, and it's not until then that she realizes her mother has her squatting over his dick, carefully balancing her by holding onto her waist. Her stomach churns in uncomfortable knots, and the knowledge of what's about to happen doesn't make it any easier on her nerves.

"Now dear, this may hurt a bit but I do believe in you." Rose flared her nostrils, screaming muffled swears and wiggling in her mother's grasp. John looked up at her with big blue eyes, shaking his head and straining against his bonds. Despite the frantic struggling of both teens, Mom managed to get Rose lowered onto the head of John's dick, and instantly all movement stopped. Rose sucked in as much air as she could, not wanting to show her mother just how much pain she's in. Ms. Lalonde pauses for a moment before continuing to force Rose downward, feeling her daughter's young body shake as she takes John's entire length.

John let out a shuddering gasp that sounds a bit more like a squeak; Rose was unfathomably tight, her body clenching around him and squeezing his dick in a vice grip. And even though he felt absolutely ashamed of himself, he couldn't help but thrust into her, feeling Rose clench even harder in shock. Mom takes this opportunity to grab Rose by the hips and begin rocking her back and forth, leaning forward to smile encouragingly to the two kids.

"There we go, it's alright John. Just keep thrusting, Rose will like it too if you give her time." John mumbles something through his gag, eyes wide and face red from holding back tears. He looks at Rose who looks just as miserable as him, her face scrunched up as she fought back her own sobs. Contrary to Ms. Lalonde's gentle words, John restrained himself as best as he could, stilling his hips and simply looking up at the ceiling. He shut his eyes, trying to block out the steady rocking of Rose on top of him; ignoring the older woman still speaking softly to the two teens.

"John, you stopped moving. We really can't have that, what kind of birthday present would a half-finished session of sex be?" Mom tightened her grip on Rose's hips, bouncing her up and down while still rocking her back and forth. She could still feel Rose trembling in her grip and whispered soft words into her ear, trying to calm her down.

"I'm only doing this because I love you and I want you to be happy." And with that, the older woman makes her way to Rose's clit and starts to rub gentle circles around it. Rose immediately bucks her hips, letting out muffled yells and

jerking around wildly. The feeling is almost too much to bear, John's dick filling her up and her mother's continuous rubbing are steadily starting to bring her to orgasm. She can feel her throat starting to burn and her eyes sting, but she doesn't want to start crying. Not in front of John and her mother.

John can feel her flexing around him and feels himself thrust into her once again, unable to control himself. He looks up into Rose's dark eyes and tries hard to show her how sorry he is, but it's hard to look sorry when your body is fucking your friend. His hips thrust a few more times, harder and rougher, into Rose's tightness before he can start to feel the unmistakeable approach of orgasm. Mrs. Lalonde can sense it approaching as well because she uses as much strength as she can gather in one hand to get a firm grip on her daughter's hips and starts rocking her quicker. She also presses down slightly on Rose's clit as she rubs, once again making Rose thrash her body around.

Even as his body stiffens and his dick starts to twitch, John struggles against his bonds, trying desperately to shake Rose off or break free or something. But Mrs. Lalonde holds steady, watching in fascination as John unloads shot after shot of hot semen into her daughter, who lets out a low moan at the feeling. While John is letting out his own moans and whimpers through the gag, Mrs. Lalonde manages to bring her daughter to climax a few minutes later. John comes back down from orgasm just in time to watch Rose arch her back, feel her clenching on his rapidly softening cock, and hear her moaning or choking or screaming through her used panties.

When Mrs. Lalonde finally does let go of the blond, she slumps down onto John's chest, exhausted physically and mentally. While Mom goes back to look around for her glass of vodka, John sighs and closes his eyes. For a long while there's no sound in the room besides the heavy breathing of Rose and Mom sipping from her glass. And then the singing starts. Low and off key, but nearly deafening in the silence of the bedroom. Mom is singing happy birthday and running her hands through Rose's hair. John can feel his chest getting soaked. Now that he's listening, John can hear the quiet, muffled sobs of the petite blond bawling into his bare skin.

"Happy birthday dear Rose, happy birthday to you."



HOT8OXING

Eisenhower

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Ugh, it's the bitchy girl from down the hall.

"Sup, nerd." she grins at you, pushing past into your living room.

You distinctly remember not inviting her in.

"Hello?"

She takes a moment to strut around and appreciate the decor. A faux-wood entertainment center houses your TV, with a raccoon's nest of cords leading down to a cabinet of video game consoles from across the ages. Christmas lights streak along the north wall, because your roomies thought it would be rad as hell, and who are you to disagree? Your small fireplace takes up the corner, upon it a mantle adorned with photos of family and friends. The centerpiece of the room is your brand new leather L-couch, of which you are very proud. in front of it sits a dingy coffee table covered in papers and coasters and empty soda cans.

"Is there something I can do for you, uhm...Vicky? Vivian?"

"Vriska."

Weird fuckin' name.

"Right, Vriska. Did you need something or did you just feel like barging in for no reason?"

"Oh, un8unch your panties. I'm not causing any trou8le yet." She waves her hand at you and plops down on your couch.

You sigh and bring your hands up, rubbing your eyes. "What do you want?"

"I just need a place to smoke, is all."

"Is that it-oh. Wait, no!"

She's already ditched her shoes, and used her foot to shove a pile of papers off the table. She removes a small plastic baggie from her jacket and plops it on the empty space. Its lumpy green contents are hard to mistake.

"You can't do that here!"

Vriska raises an eyebrow at you. "What's the 8ig deal?"

"It's illegal!"

"Aaaaaaaand?"

You make a noise with no discernible onomatopoeia. "I'm not going to get into a morality debate about this. WHY do you have to smoke in MY apartment? I hardly even know you!"

"You were the only one who answered your door. I can't smoke at my place 8ecause my roomm8 is a huge 8itch who doesn't approve of my recre8ional ha8its. Is that a good enough explan8ion for you?" The entire time she's speaking she's been preparing a joint for herself.

Licking the paper, she fishes in her jacket for a lighter. "And besides, it's Friday night. What are you even doing here by yourself? Aaaaaaaall alone. You should be thanking me! Because of my good nature and generosity, you get to spend some time with a pretty girl instead of lazing around like some dumb loser."

Vriska is certainly not unattractive, but "pretty" is a stretch. Tall and gangly, almost unhealthily thin. No curves to speak of. Ass and tits flatter than week-old Tab. She's got a nice face, though; sharp and angular, with very vivid eyes, framed in a mane of wild black hair, upon which sit a pair of curved and pointed candy corn horns.

She catches you staring and wiggles her eyebrows. "Sounds like a pretty damn good night, huh? Huh?" Vriska smirks and, with the click of a zippo, lights up. She takes a long, long drag, holds for a few seconds, and, with a sigh, billows forth like a steam engine. You can almost see her mellow out. "Come on, buddy," she says, patting the couch. "Take a load off."

You grimace slightly at the notion of being invited to use your own furniture. With a sigh, you shuffle over and kneel to pick up the knocked-over papers. You hear another exhale behind you.

"What are thooooooooose?"

You grumble incoherently. Something nudges the back of your head.

"Come on, dwee8. Tell me!"

You neatly organize the papers in a pile and sit them back on the table. "Character sheets. Dungeons and Dragons stuff."

"So you are a loser. But you're my kind of loser! What edition?"

You plop down on the couch, and you chat for a while about tabletop gaming. You weave a tale of sorrow over being consistently shoehorned into DMing, she endlessly praises the beauty that is the Tomb of Horrors. Over the course of the next forty minutes she burns through another dose of dank, and despite your constant (polite) refusals when she offers to share, the acrid smoke in the air has obviously taken its toll on you. Your eyes and tongue are dry, there's a horrible taste in your mouth, all you can smell is skunk, and, christ, you are hungry. But what for? You stand up and wander into the kitchen. as Vriska describes in gleeful, excruciating detail how she slaughtered every player from her last campaign.

Fridge: empty. The freezer doesn't look much better. Pantry is pretty bleak as well.

Oh, wait. OH, SHIT. Chester's Hot Fries. You have hit the literal AND metaphorical jackpot. You pop open the bag and simply bask in the smell for a moment. Glorious. You maneuver your hand to take a fry and notice the delicious snack is no longer in your possession. It has been commandeered. It is simply fucking gone. The sound of rustling plastic catches your attention, and you rotate in place to find Vriska idly munching on your fries.

"Hey."

She stuffs another handful in her mouth and observes you like one would a mildly interesting TV show.

"Dude, those are mine."

Munch, munch, munch.

"Come on, share. I'm starving here. I am literally going to die if you don't give me some fries."

Vriska reaches into the bag and plucks out a single fry, which she stuffs into your mouth like a makeshift cigarette, sprinkling your chin with red stuff in the process.

"Last one," she swallows, crumpling up the now-empty bag and dusting her hands off on her pants. "L8's play some video games. Whatcha packing over there?"

"Uhhh..." Did she just down that entire bag in a matter of seconds?

"Doesn't matter. I'll 8eat your ass at whatever you've got. And you 8etter order us some more gru8!"

Hours in the future, but not many...

"CHE8ER! YOU F8CKING CHE8ER!" Vriska flails her legs wildly and kicks a, thankfully, empty Chinese takeout carton across the room.

"Jesus fuck, calm down. It is literally impossible to cheat at Mario Party."

"You're a filthy screenwatching 8itch!"

"We're using the same screen, idiot."

"F8CK YOU!" Another foot strikes out. This time, however, its target was not empty, and now you've got a face full of house lo

mein. Vriska cackles maliciously as you remove the slimy food from your face.

"Look at the terrible mess you've made! Better go get yourself cleaned up before all those greasy noodles give you acne."

"Don't you touch that controller while I'm gone. Don't you dare fuckin' do it."

She huffs and fakes a pout. "Don't you truuuuuuust me?"

"Not even a little."

She flips you a quick bird and stuffs a forkful of Mongolian beef in her mouth. You slouch off the couch and walk down the hallway into the bathroom. Warm water on the tap, bar of soap, a nice clean washrag. Squeaky clean. A quick glance in the mirror, a few seconds of making silly faces. You make your way back to the hazy living room, and notice something is amiss. Something has changed.

Oh, Vriska is missing half her clothes. That must be it. The black-haired girl has ditched her jacket, overshirt, and jeans, leaving her in a black wifebeater and blue men's boxers, showing off her thin gray limbs.

She's leaning back into the couch, spread-legged and smoking a fresh joint, and doesn't seem to have noticed you. She blows several smoke rings - you would guess eight, but you can't be assed to count them - and chuckles, pleased with herself. You fake a cough and she turns her head toward you.

"Welcome back."

"What, uh. What's with...?" You struggle to think of a polite way to ask why she's now in her skivvies.

"Sp8 it out already, nerd."

"Your clothes."

"It's hot in here, and cold out there, so I ditched some layers. And I think I spilled some 8eef on my jacket, so I took it off. What's the pro8lem?"

Your mouth gapes and you gesture your arms as if to say 'This. All of this.'

Vriska raises an eyebrow at you, then instantly lowers it in a wicked grin. "You mean...theeeeeeeeese?" She gropes at her itty bitty titties and laughs. "There's no need to 8e scared. They don't 8ite or spit acid." Vriska glances down at them and sighs. "Or do much of anything, really. 8ut whatever. Let's finish the game, already!"

You return to your spot on the couch and pick up your controller. The game is afoot once more. Minigames are played, coins earned. You and Vriska form an alliance against the CPU players, because you were dumb enough to put them on Hard, and everyone knows how badly that turns out in Mario Party. Despite finding yourself slightly attracted - shit, distracted, by the scantily-clothed stoner chick next to you, the united front against the AI menace seems to be going well. Until...

"Vriska, what the fuck are you doing?"

"I have no idea what you could possibly talking a8out." Her feigned ignorance is betrayed by a massive shit-eating grin.

"You stole my star!"

"Oh, that was yours? I had nooooooo idea."

"Congratulations, you are the hugest bitch. It's you."

She winks at you. "I try my 8est." Vriska leans back, takes another long drag, and stretches her legs out. Her boxers slide down ever-so-slightly, and her top creases in such a manner that maybe if you

just

kind of

lean over and

Nope. You are unable to sneak a peek at the goodies. Vriska swings over, crosses her legs across your lap, and resumes the game. Between the think stank of dank in the air and the pair of long, long legs draped across your lower body, you find it increasingly hard to focus on even the simplest minigames.

"Pay 8ention, idiot! You are m8king us LOSE." She plants her foot on the side of your head and shakes you around a bit. You smack her away and blow a raspberry. She returns the gesture. The game is now down to the last few turns. The computer players are so far behind there is simply no way they can possibly pull ahead. You and Vriska are in a dead stalemate, and the alliance is strained. The penultimate minigame is the sole deciding factor for victory. You glace over at her. She stares back. There will be no mercy.

Buttons click and fingers fly. Vriska has withdrawn her legs and is leaning so far forward she's liable to roll off the couch.

You manage to pull ahead, and very nearly win when suddenly a pair of hands clamps around your wrists and begins to tug.

"Dude, what the FUCK are you doing? Get off!"

"You can't 8eat me! I'm the 8est, you understand? THE 8EST." She's got her hands all over the controller now and your character is spasming like a madman. Somehow you manage to keep yourself from falling off a ledge.

"If you were "the 8est" like you say then you wouldn't have to fuckin' cheat, now, would you?"

"8luh!"

The violent battle goes on for another few seconds before, with a final tug, you pull the controller as far away from Vriska as you can. The cord pops out of the console, and your avatar dies. Vriska makes a half-dive for the lump of plastic, knocks it out of your hands, and braces herself against the arm of the couch.

You realize she has you, more or less, trapped. Her black hair cascades down and brushes the side of your face. You are both breathing somewhat ragged after your little tussle. Your eyes are locked, and for a moment you just stare.

She parts her lips slightly and licks them. You notice for the first time her lipstick is a very vivid blue. Are those fangs? Those are fucking fangs, what the hell? You prop yourself up on your elbows. You're close enough now to feel her breath on your face. She smells like pot and Asian spices. It's the most potent aphrodisiac you've ever experienced and it is driving you crazy.

You are liable to do something dumb.

She opens her mouth as if to say something, but you move in and silence her with a quick kiss. She pushes into you a little, and you push right back in some bizarre, backwards tug of war. You can feel her humming and, with no warning, she lets herself fall to your chest. You break the kiss and pull away in order to recover from the air being quite literally knocked out of your lungs. Vriska is laying on top of you, her chin resting on her crossed arms.

"Man, you are dum8. The sexual tension in the air was almost thicker than the smoke! Almost. I think you could have dragged that out a l8le bit more if you had tried."

"Figured I would let you suffer a little. You know, romantic tension and all."

"Wh8ever you say, dude. Gonna finish what you started?" Vriska wiggles her eyebrows and gives the front of her tank top a slight tug, allowing you a peek at her almost-nonexistent chest. With some difficulty, you pull yourself up and sit against the arm of the couch. Vriska repositions herself to straddle your waist. Once again, you find yourselves just staring. It doesn't last long before you launch yourselves at each other like animals, lips locked and hands everywhere. Her tongue slides over yours and begins its assault. You lean into her and retaliate. You drag your fingers across her sides, barely making contact, eliciting a brief shudder from your partner.

"Ticklish much?" you mumble between kisses.

"Sh8t the f8ck up." she growls back. She runs her hands

through your hair and pulls you forward into an even rougher kiss; it's hot and hungry and she tastes like weed and cheap Chinese food and you just can't get enough of it. Vriska's hands are running through your hair and she's holding you steady, preventing you from breaking the kiss early. You slide down, grab two handfuls of bony butt, and give her a squeeze. She quivers slightly and responds by nibbling on your lower lip. You squeeze harder, she bites harder. You would continue if you weren't fairly certain she'd end up drawing blood long before you would. You give her rump a final pseudo-jiggle before leaving for greener pastures. You trace your fingers up her belly before coming to rest on - wow, fuck, man, she really is lacking in the breast department. You groan slightly, catching Vriska's attention. She gives your lip a particularly sharp nip before pulling back and glaring at you.

"Is there a pro8lem?"

"N-no. No."

"I didn't think so. Wh8ever. Lose the clothes."

"Ladies first."

Vriska rolls her eyes. "How no8le of you." She straightens up, grabs her top with both hands, and lifts it up and off in one swift motion. Her now-free a-cups give a barely noticeable jiggle. Good lord, this girl is pale. For a grey person, that is.
"Your turn."

You reach behind, grab your shirt by the back, and tug forward. It gets caught on your hair.

Good job, fucko.

Vriska grabs hold of your collar and forcibly removes the pesky obstruction. You mumble in thanks but she is already too busy fiddling with your belt to notice. Your jeans slide off without much resistance and your underpants earn an evil chuckle from Vriska.

"Cute penguins, 8ro. Very classy."

"These boxers get all the bitches hot."

"I'm aaaaaaaaaalready dripping." she purrs, sliding up for another kiss. Vriska's skin is warm and soft, and the friction created by her chest against yours is arousing, to say the least. Your fingers dance around her bare back, tracing circles and exploring every curve and crevice. You pull her hair away from her neck and gently caress her with a single finger. She shivers beneath your touch, and you decide to go on the offensive. You plant a brief, soft kiss on her neck and she seizes up.

"Wh8 are you."

You whisper and shoosh into her ear and she drops the rest of whatever she was about to say. You get back to business, peppering her entire neck with kisses. Collar to collar, up to her jaw line, you even nibble her earlobes a bit. Her breath noticeably quickens every time you pass over a particularly sensitive spot, so you decide to give it a little more attention. She's got an arm around your back and is running her hand through your hair.

"8ite." she whispers.

"What?"

"8ite me. I mean it. Right now."

You've never been one to turn down an invitation to get rough, so you pick a spot and give it a nibble. She immediately digs her nails into your scalp and jerks as though she was just electrocuted. This goes on for a moment, you nipping at different parts of her neck and her breath getting rougher and rougher. All the while you've brought your hands up and are fondling her small breasts, lifting and squeezing and pinching. Her breathing is rapid and ragged now and she's rocking her hips slowly against you. When you finally make it back to that single, sensitive spot and pinch it between your teeth, Vriska actually cries out in a loud, lusty moan.

"8h g8d-

You can feel movement down near your crotch. Vriska's got one hand down her boxers twitching furiously.

"H8rder. 8ite me h8rder."

You immediately stop and whisper into her ear. "Beg."

She doesn't miss a beat. "PLEASE! G8d, please, I n88d this. 8ite me, hurt me. I don't c8re." You can hear the longing in her voice, all the while she's still feverishly rubbing herself. "Please. Pleasepleasepleaseplease-

You bite down on the most sensitive part of her neck. Hard. It's a wonder you don't break the skin. She screams your name in bloody pleasure and holds your head in an iron grip, absolutely refusing to let you stop. With one hand still teasing her nipples,

you slide the other one down to join hers in her boxers. You sink a few fingers alongside hers into her hot, tight depths. You try your hardest to match her haphazard motions but her hips are bucking so wildly it's all you can manage to hold on for the ride. Her breathing is now marked by short moans that have been steadily growing in intensity. A final, sharp intake of breath, and she throws her arms around your neck and pulls herself as close to you as she possibly can shortly before going limp on top of you.

You draw your hand out from between her legs, and it's covered in...blue. What the hell? You go to wipe the stuff off on your some napkins on the table, but one of Vriska's hands shoots out and grabs you by the wrist.

She licks your fingers completely clean, staring you dead in the eyes the entire time. She finishes with a wink and presses in for another kiss, sliding her tongue past your lips and sharing the sweet taste of cerulean with you. She backs up and shifts her legs around a bit before grinning at you.

"That was one hell of a warm up. But it still feels like you've got something that needs taken care of."

She gives you a squeeze through your boxer shorts.

"Uh, well. I mean, I guess. Don't feel obligated or anything."

"You sound sooooooooo eager. Just lay back and enjoy yourself for a little bit."

She unbuttons the small flap holding your boner hostage and it springs free, earning a slight "ooh" from Vriska. Her fingers

poke and prod, barely grazing the skin. She's humming to herself, sizing you up, teasing you with the lightest touches. She drags a nail from base to head, and seemingly content with her observations, plants a kiss on the tip before parting her lips and taking you into her mouth. Almost all at once. Holy shit.

You stare down and watch her bob up and down, her long black hair pooling around your waist. Her bright orange horns poke out. You almost wonder if you could maybe sort kinda reach down and use them as woooah shit how is she DOING that? A sort of "fuh" sound escapes your lips, and Vriska takes that as a sign to continue. Her tongue is everywhere and she's moving up and down just so and using the perfect amount of teeth and god, oh god you need something to hold on to. Your eyes are drawn back to her horns, and you figure you only live once anyway. You reach out and grab hold of the conveniently placed handlebars. Something tells you Vriska is not happy with what you've just done. Maybe it was the deep, audible growl. Maybe it was the rough vibration around your dick.

Or maybe it was the fact that she just bit you.

"OWWWWWOWWOWOWOWOWOWOW HOLY SHIT, FUCK, STOP."

Vriska stares you down as she slowly pulls her mouth off your cock with a small 'pop'. Oh god, there's blood on her fangs, she drew blood, she BIT your JUNK and DREW FUCKING BLOOD. Sure enough, there are two tiny matching bite marks on your shaft.

"What's wrooooooong? I let you bite my neck."

"You KNOW that's not the same. Not even close."

"Am I not allowed to bite back, then? Such a selfish lover."

"You can bite me wherever the fuck you want if you're into that sort of thing, just don't draw blood. I shouldn't even need to tell you this."

"You're sooooooo boring! We desperately need to spice up your love life." She throws her arms around your neck pulls in close for another kiss, and you can taste blood on her. She nips you hard on the lips and you repay her by digging your nails into her back. You feel her lips pull into a smile as she mumbles "now that's more like it." She assaults your mouth with hers, ravenous and hungry. She weaves her fingers into your hair and begins grinding against your still-hard cock. Her breathing has picked up again and you swear you can almost feel her getting warmer. Your attention is drawn to the wetness and heat radiating from between her legs, and she must have noticed too, because she almost reluctantly peels herself away from you and off the couch.

She slips her thumbs into the band of her boxers, and, with a wink and a shake, slides them down her bony legs. Vriska stands before you now in her most exquisite birthday suit, her dark nipples and a tuft of black hair standing out against her pale skin. She gives a traditional spin in place, granting you a nice view of her complete lack of ass, before climbing on top of you and making a show of pinning your arms down, as though you couldn't just push her away.

If you wanted to. Which you don't.

Her hair falls down around your face, creating a curtain that

seals off the outside world. All you can see is Vriska, all you can hear is Vriska, all you can smell is Vriska. You feel an immense heat on your cock as she begins to rub herself against you. The friction is electric, and you instinctively try to thrust back before she lifts herself up slightly.

"Oh no you d8n't. Not yet. I'm gonna m8ke you w8 just a liiiiiiittle 8it first. I like to pl8y with my toys 8efore I...8reak them." Her voice is low and throaty, and you can tell she's trying to strike a middle ground between seductive and intimidating, but it sounds silly more than anything. But you decide to humor her and heave a deep sigh before going limp and resigning yourself to your horrible, terrible fate.

"Good 8oy." she lets your arms go and sits up straight, leaning back slightly and holding herself up with her arms. She picks up the pace a little, and you can see blue...stuff trickling out of her and down your shaft. She's thrown her head back now, and is alternating between biting her lower lip and moaning. As enjoyable as the sensation is, it's getting a little boring. You lie back and watch this weird girl diddle herself on your dick for a few minutes more before you cough.

"Uh..."

"Who g8ve you permission to talk?????????"

"Is this happening anytime soon? I mean, it's great that you're enjoying yourself and all, but my legs are kind of falling asleep."

She leans forward and places her hands on your chest, digging her nails into the flesh.

"8'm in charge here! Me! I could l8ave you wallowing in lust for a day str8 if I wanted to!!!!!!!"

"Look, just cut the act, it's not cute anymore." You try to sit up but, with some effort, Vriska shoves you back down and places a tight grip on your wrists.

She leans in close and whispers into your ear, "I'm going to leave you 8egging for pleasure, and then, may8e, just may8e-"

You wrest your hands free and firmly plant your hands where her legs meet her tiny waist. She jerks her head back, leaving her face inches away from yours.

"Maybe what?"

You position yourself carefully, just beneath her azure blue opening. You press forward ever so slightly and she gasps.

"Well?"

"Oh, just f8cking do it already, jerk. God for8id a girl try to have some fuAAAAAAAH-"

You cut her off with a quick thrust. Her squeal fades, only for her to eke out another one as you pull out and push in slightly farther. This continues a few seconds more before you find yourself fully sheathed inside your partner. You and Vriska are both panting softly, and you shift your hands to her subpar bottom. You slo-o-owly pull all the way out, and, with a buttock in each hand, thrust back in as you pull her close to you. Vriska yelps so loud you're positive one of your neighbors heard. You perform one more in-and-out before you ease into a rhythm, cycling your hips into Vriska, who is now doing the same to you.

With Vriska now matching your motions, your hands are again free to tease and explore. A light fingerdance across her sides nets you a sharp intake of breath and a particularly violent hip thrust that sends a firecracker of pleasure up your body.

A pair of thin arms coils around your back and Vriska pushes in for another hungry kiss. Her tongue slides against your teeth, the intoxicating taste of smoke and spice driving you wild. You reach up and pinch a nipple between your thumb and forefinger, and Vriska gives another jerk and moans into your mouth. The rhythm picks up as you fence tongues, hot and sweaty and rapid. You feel nails digging into your back and don't even care. You give her lip a nip in counterattack, to which she responds by growling and pushing you onto your back and taking over. She once again makes a show of "pinning" your arms down as she leans in to bite at your neck. Both your hips are like pistons now, slamming against each other as fast and hard as you both can manage. Her show of dominance doesn't last long, as there is now a constant stream of moans and "fucks" coming from the tangle of hair in front of you.

"Vriska."

"WH8."

"I, uh. I don't (fuck) think I can last a whole lot longer."

"8ullshit! Whoooooh said I was (ah) finished with youohhhhhh~"

"Don't (ngh) don't give me that shit. You're juaaaaahst as close as I am (oh god)."

"Just shut up and l8 me (oh fuck dude) let me (oh) just (ohh) fucking (ohhhhhh) finaaaaaaaaaaaaah~"

You feel brief contraction around your dick, followed by an immense wetness. Vriska slumps forward and nuzzles into the crook of your neck. You both sit in silence for a few seconds before Vriska heaves a pleasant sigh.

"I gave you a lot of shit, 8ut man, you're pretty decent at s8isfying a lady." she mumbles through your shoulder.

"At least one of us got what they wanted."

"Oh, don't be such a 8a8y." she sits up and pulls her hair back.
"I'm not done with you y8."

She hops off your cock (which is now absolutely coated in blue) and turns around, dropping to her hands and knees and granting you a perfect view of her flat behind, which is also coated in blue. You glance down, and your couch is - you guessed it - coating in fucking blue. Vriska's sapphire spunk is everywhere.

"You're a lucky guy, you know. I don't do this for just anyone."

"Just whoever buys you food, I bet"

"F8ck you!"

You give her a sharp slap on the rump. She shrieks and kicks you in the gut, but arches her back and raises her ass higher in the air anyway. You smack her twice more, the sound of flesh on flesh almost as enjoyable as the moaning it causes.

"Come ooooooon already!" she groans, wiggling her bright blue

bottom in your face. The swaying is almost hypnotic. Back and forth, back and forth. Something clicks in the back of your head, and you have a wonderful, stupid idea.

"Hold that thought. Like, five seconds." You leap off the couch and over the coffee table, careful not to knock over any leftovers. You barge ass-naked into your best friend's bedroom, infinitely thankful he's not home right now. A few moments of shuffling through drawers gets you exactly what you were searching for: a small bottle of warming sex lube. You jaunt back to the living room and vault over the table.

"Wh8 the hell is that? Where did you go?"

"You'll see. Hold on." You open the bottle and squeeze a glop of stuff into your palm, which you then coat your dick with. The heat is immediate, and incredibly pleasant. You grab hold of Vriska's hips and place yourself right between her petite buttcheeks.

"..wh8 the FUCK are do you think you 8re doing?"

"Spicing up my love life."

You slowly begin wedging yourself inside, and all you can think is how much fucking tighter this is. You press slowly, not wanting to hurt Vriska, who isn't doing much other than hissing a mixture of vulgar names and insults frequently interrupted by grunts, moans, and 'FUCK's. When you feel you're as deep as you can possibly get, you pull out and thrust in a little faster. Vriska's inside constrict around you like a vice and you dig your nails into her.

"Holy shit, Vriska. Holy fucking hell."

"Stop t8lking and go f8sterrrrrrgh."

You happily oblige, speeding up as much as you realistically can. The warming lube is in full effect and the squeezing heat is incredible. Vriska's moans, consistent with your thrusts, are music to your ears. You trace the outline of her spine with a single finger.

"No more romantic bullshit. Cut it out and F8CK ME."

You are more than happy to oblige. Dropping all pretense of chivalry, you lay into her like a madman, pumping into her with short, rough thrusts. Vriska's squeals and curses increase in intensity and volume, eventually becoming little more than an endless stream of "fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckyesfuckfuck". You can feel yourself winding down, so you make sure Vriska finishes as well. You slip a few fingers into her slick pussy, and that's all it takes for her to more or less lose it. Her arms give way and she slides to the couch in a hot mess of pleasure. You quickly switch holes, burying yourself as deep as you possibly can before letting loose inside her. The familiar rushing flood of blue lets you know she's finished as well.

You collapse backwards, narrowly avoiding slamming your head into an armrest. You close your eyes and attempt to catch your breath. Vriska shifts over to your side of the couch and lies on top of you, slick with sweat and sex.

"Pretty gr8, huh?"

You exhale. She laughs.

"Yeah, I thought so." Vriska reaches over to the table and lights up a joint.

You sit in silence for a few minutes, engrossed in the sound of breathing and the smell of smoke. Say something, stupid.

"We should, uh. You should come back sometime. Later this week or something."

Vriska smiles and takes a long drag. "How about tomorrow?" She kisses you before you can respond. She tastes acrid. You pull away and blow the smoke out of your mouth.

"I can get behind that."

"I thought so."



Terezi/Jade Sleepover

PlayTheRain

Jade entered the treehouse with an hearty glee.

"Phew. Hi! It's really raining out there Teezee, yahoo! It's totally freezing! Where can I put down my stuff? I mean, my rain coat and umbrella. You know! You guys don't have a bathroom right? Hey where's Kanaya?"

Terezi Pyrope held the human girl's shoulder and let a friendly giggle.

"Kan said she couldn't come", Terezi said. "She's lousy!"

Terezi's tongue flickered past her lips in a mockery of scorn. Or maybe it was real mockery and scorn. Jade found it hard to read Terezi's emotions. Everything about Terezi was a little fake, but at the same time, it was always so playful. All things considered she looked like a great pal, and Jade couldn't wait to get to know her more.

On the other hand, Kanaya not being there made Jade feel a little crestfallen and confused. What kind of girl night is that when there is only two people! Jade took a quick breath and stepped inside the treehouse.

Terezi happily welcomed Jade in her hive. She danced with her cane as she let her in, reminding Jade of one of those showgirls that dance without pants on big stages. Terezi

must have spun on her cane at least three times. Then she smiled with all of her teeth. Jade though they were pretty, and a bit scary too.

"Well too bad about Kanaya", said Jade.

"We will have a lot of fun anyway", said Terezi with a big grin.

"I, uh, sure!" said Jade.

"Yes, yes we will! Over there, by the way!"

Terezi pointed toward the room to their left.

"That's the changing block, there's a bunch of flybeast talons to hook your clothes! Come on!"

Before Jade could have any say about it, Terezi pushed her into the sideroom. In a show of good will, Terezi helped Jade take off her raincoat. Then she giggled adorably again and made light humor of how drenched Jade was. Then she started removing all of Jade's clothes.

"I'm fine, really, I'm totally fine jeez!", Jade tried to say.

"The forest beast is late for her audience!", Terezi mused. "She would be well-advised to not dally in the vestibule and make the punitive-constabulary await", said Terezi

"Come on Teezee, we don't have to roleplay right now! Ow, you're pulling on my shirt!"

Once again Terezi giggled in her charming manner. Jade was disarmed by it; it made it impossible to stay angry at Terezi. Her laugh was just too positive and happy. It was like eating a

mouthful of candy. Jade smiled. Then she realised that Terezi had already pulled her shirt above her head. Then the shirt was tossed in a corner of the room. Terezi attacked Jade's pants next, while humming to herself. Soon it was thrown off in a corner of the room as well. Jade stood in her underwears. But who cares about modesty, she was thinking. Was it so bad? They were just a bunch of girls, and they were going to have a great night.

Jade naturally pressed her arms against her body.

Terezi grabbed them and uncrossed them as if it was the most natural thing to do.

"H3 H3 H3", giggled Terezi as she uncovered Jade's chest.
"What is that you're hiding!"

"New bra!", answered Jade. Her bucktooth bit her lower lips. She tried to cover herself again, but Terezi held her wrists firmly. Terezi was deceptively strong despite her long thin arms, Jade decided. It's like she could do whatever she wanted.

Without warning, Terezi swooped forward, lowered her head and... let her tongue out, mouth gaping at Jade's chest. Jade felt redness creep to her cheeks, and angry words at the tip of her tongue, before she reminded herself of Terezi's condition. She was blind. She tasted stuff. She was simply taking a good look. That's all.

Then Terezi licked her chest bumps. Boobs. They were boobs, Jade reminded herself. And way too big already for her likings.

"TEEZEE!", yelled Jade.

"I just wanted a quick taste of the color! Apple and lemon, H3 H3 H3".

Jade stood angry, nearly naked, and stomped her foot.

"Can you go get my dry clothes now?", she said with a bully's tone.

"Sure sure sure!", said Terezi, all honey.

"Well then I want it, my bag, my bag of dry clothes! I left it when I entered, it's in the hall! Oh and the shoes too! Please, I mean. And thank you."

"Pleasure is all mine", said Terezi with a tone as sweet as honey. Then she walked out like the most submissive of servants.

Before long, the troll girl had brought the requested bags and handed them gracefully to Jade. She was quite glad to finally have them.

Jade thanked Terezi and then waited a short time, expecting she would be given some privacy this time. Terezi just stood there with both hands on her cane. She had a very large grin on her face and chuckled periodically. Her buxom hips swayed ever so slightly from left to right.

Jade let go of a sigh and then bent down. She started to rummage through her belongings with her back turned to Terezi. She strongly felt aware of Terezi's presence. She sorta

felt her blind stare, going through her strange glasses like laser beams. Snaking their path all over the curves of Jade's nakedness. But that is all strange and dumb, Jade decided. Because she's blind. You shouldn't have any calm about dressing or undressing in front of a blind person! They probably don't know why there is anything strange about it. It's like undressing in front of a family pet. Isn't it? But could you really say that Terezi was blind? For one thing, she really seemed to enjoy staring at her right now. And did she just lick her lips?

"Any problem Jade? Hurry up, he he he", giggled Terezi.

"I'm fine!", said Jade.

"Do you want me to lend you some clothes Jade? I have pyjamas that are like execution clothes! For roleplaying! They have chain links on the wrists and on the legs. I have the chains that go with that too!"

"I, uh, no it's fine really! Thanks anyway!", said Jade.

"Plenty of time to play dress-up later", said Terezi, and she did a small happy dance with her feet that just cheered up Jade in a perfectly sunshine-happy mood.

"Right!", said Jade with a smile.

Terezi's bedroom was like nothing that Jade imagined.

"Oooooooh wooooow", she found herself nearly-whispering as she gazed at the walls of beautiful scales.

"I know, I know! Heeheehee", said Terezi

"And what is that over there?"

"Scalemates, couldn't live without them"

"They're sooooo cute"

Jade started to ask about every scalemate. She wanted to know their name, and what they did for a living, and what they liked or disliked. Terezi made it a point to mention every felony they did, although Jade didn't ask in particular about that.

At one point or another, the interest over plush rumps fell flat. Terezi grabbed Jade by the hand and dragged her gently. She lead her to a another corner of the room and pointed. She smiled with all of her terrible teeth..

"There it is! Taa-daaaa!", said Terezi as if she had performed a magic trick.

Jade was looking at a very big, bag-like thing.

"Woah what is that?", said Jade.

"It's a recuperacoon, a special model", said Terezi proudly. "I just got it here yesterday. For our sleepover! It's really popular for sleepovers! You see, it's like a big organ filled with blood! The entrance is sealed, there, with that hatch on the side. See? See?"

"Well it looks like..."

Jade pondered for some time.

"Well it's pretty much a big waterbed! Oh wow!"

She poked at it. It was soft and squishy.

"It's huge! And it's full of your slime thing?"

"Yup! People love 'em, but not for actually sleeping in them. He he he. It's for... doing... this!"

Terezi jumped on the big square thing full of slime and bounced up and down on it. She giggled with glee.

"It really is like a water bed!", said Jade, and now she was smiling just like Terezi.

She made motion to jump on it but then Terezi barred the way with her cane, in a most serious of manner. She had removed her glasses.

"Not allowed!", Terezi said like a very serious cop.

"Ooooooh nooooooo!", said Jade

"Your shoes, silly!"

"Oh, right!"

Noticing that Terezi herself had her feet naked, Jade removed both her shoes and socks. Then she jumped on the slime-bed and quickly, Terezi latched unto her and they began wrestling.

They were well tired and puffing hard when they rolled on their back and stared at the ceiling. It was colorful. Everything was colorful and great in that house. And so relaxing.

Terezi rolled towards Jade and started poking her toes.

"Hey quit it!", said Jade softly and still exhilarated from the wrestling.

"The draconian legislacerator declares that she must investigate profoundly this strange part of human anatomy", said Terezi while holding two toes apart.

"Ha ha, you mean my feet?", said Jade.

"Y3S!", quipped Terezi. Then she added in a serious tone: "May I?"

Jade swallowed. It was the first time that Terezi asked permission. She didn't look like the type to ask permission for ANYTHING. The request was innocuous, yet Jade felt something strange in the air. She felt that her answer was going to be legally binding to many alien things that she didn't fully understand. It probably WAS legally binding, to Terezi's eyes. Her big, red, scary eyes staring at her and begging for a yes. Jade swallowed and silently nodded with a hasty bow.

Terezi smiled, showing her many many teeth, and then took a big lick of Jade's foot.

The first thing that went in Jade's mind was "Thank god that was on the side of tip of the toes, and not on the sole! I would never have been able to take it on my sole". Then she thought about nothing, because Terezi was licking her sole vigorously. There was nothing to think about anymore. Jade just squeaked, in a silly manner, like a balloon being rubbed. Her leg twitched nervously, trying to break away from Terezi, but Terezi held to it strongly. And gently. She caressed the leg, tamed it, and then Jade wasn't pulling on it anymore. She was just accepting whatever Terezi was doing, as if it happened to another person.

Jade thought that it would end soon. Any second now. When

somebody licks something, it is normally a straining effort. It just happens and then it stops. Not with Terezi. She not only kept at it, she became better, licked harder. She was only warming up. She could do this all night. She really could. And Jade Harley could only brace herself.

Jade is not sure how it happened, but she found that she was hugging something. She took a look at it. That something was a big plush toy that must have been laid near the slimebag. It was one of Terezi's friends. Citrus Sprout, was he called? It didn't matter. What mattered was that Terezi's long, slender tongue was slithering in the small of her feet, and between her toes, and dancing on her ankles, and Jade just HAD to hug something for relief. So she was going to hug that plushie like there's no tomorrow. Hold to it for life's worth.

Then came particularly rough licking. Jade's cheeks were fully red. Since when where feet so tender? Is it that different when it is somebody else that is touching them? She just couldn't take it. Jade's back arched as if she was electrocuted. Her toe tips sprawled wildly. Her hands flailed about her and alternated between clutching the scalemate and grabbing, white-knuckled, unto the fabric of the slimebag. She twisted on one side, then another, then her back arched upward to its limit. And then her body would dance in this manner all over again. The muscles in her belly felt sore, and, at the same time, they felt as if she could do this forever. And maybe it was going to last forever, Jade wondered.

When Terezi suddenly stopped playing with her feet, Jade noticed she was crying. Not just a little. Jade's crying was two

small rivers of tears, right under her eyes. She didn't care much about it. Jade was busy breathing hard, very hard. Her entire body felt on fire. Her body felt longer, really long. Kilometers-long. So when Terezi was doing stuff to her feet, it was from far away, and the feelings were telegraphed right into her skull. And that's why she could let Terezi do whatever she want, because she was so far away. Jade could simply receive the feelings and coil on the slimebed.

But now it had stopped, and Terezi was crawling toward her. Slowly and gracefully, again, like one of those showgirls in Las Vegas. Terezi floated over Jade's legs, then she was above her waist, and then her chest, and then she was face to face and looked at Jade in the eyes. With her crazy beautiful crimson stare. Jade though that, finally, she could understand Terezi. She wasn't saying anything but Jade could understand her. Terezi was waiting with anticipation, and she was asking if she could do more.

Silently, Jade answered that Terezi could do more.

As much as she wanted.

Jade started controlling her breath, and relaxing, and closed her eyes. She felt the weight shift in the slimebag and she knew that Terezi was coming closer. Was she going to kiss her? No, that's not it. Her slithering tongue was on Jade's forehead, then it ran down and gently licked away her tears. It wasn't a slobbering tongue full of drool. It was... almost elegant. Jade just stayed immobile and whimpered a little. Terezi cleaned every salty drop of tear. Jade's whole body crawled with goosebumps the whole time.

Then it was over, more weight shifting on the slimebag, and Terezi was crawling back to her end. And then she picked up Jade's other feet.

Jade muffled her squeal of surprise when it hit her that everything that happened, just now, everything that happened and which which felt as hard as a truck hitting her several times, was just Terezi playing with one feet. And now came the other one.

Then Jade couldn't think anymore. She just laid on her back and emptied her lungs. Terezi's sucked on her toes. She massaged her forefoot. She caressed her instep. Her tongue serpentine tongue slid in every crook and nanny, spread them. Terezi played with the jelly between Jade toes. She rubbed her foreleg muscles.

Sometimes Jade just sprawled wide open and took in everything. Sometimes it was just too much and she shook as if she was under machine gun fire. Sometimes she stared in front of her and she felt like time had stopped, and time was thick, so thick that she was drowning in it.

Terezi made love to Jade's ankle, crept up Jade's leg, snuggled against her knee. Then she went back to the thing that Jade dreaded and loved the most, which was when she licked her soles. Jade wasn't a ticklish person. It just felt... like something great. And at first she wants it to stop. And then she doesn't want it to stop. Ever ever ever.

Jade is not sure when she started humping the scalemate instead of hugging it. She just grew aware of a fire that was in

her stomach, no, lower than her stomach. Even lower. Still lower. And the more she thought "lower", the more the stuffed toy started being rubbed downward. Then she found the spot, just the right spot, and then Terezi started being more rough and sensual and Jade just started humping faintly. Slowly, methodically. Every time her body sprang backward, she felt the slime squish under her weight, and she felt it push her back, push back against her soft tiny butt and shove the fire between her legs right into the rough fabric.

Jade noticed all of a sudden that she was covered in sweat. Since when did that happen? She had not noticed. She was more wet than when she came from under the rain. Her clothes were heavy on her skin. Several strands of her hair stuck to her forehead. Droplets ran their course down her arms and made it hard to hold onto the slimebag. This Jade felt very desperate all of a sudden. All that she could hold onto anymore, all that she had left in the entire world, was the plush rump in her hands. And she wanted it to be exactly where it had to be.

Her back arched. Her body squirmed, her vision blurred and her feet felt like they were melting into small rivers of lava that run down volcanos and make small indigenous people on islands run for their life. She wasn't humping silently from now on. She moaned. And she was not going to pull back any moaning, any humping. She needed this. She felt that something was approaching. Something big. No, huge. Something that was going to hit her like a freight train. Her tongue slipped out of her mouth, like a dog's, and she panted and panted and moaned and humped and still Terezi was licking. Then everything was white and violent and a big green field of

grass where animals are running and playing. Then she was back on the slimebed and it was over.

Terezi was exhausted too. She crawled next to Jade and curled into a ball, her back next to Jade's side.

Jade just stayed there. Smiling at the ceiling, then gazing at Terezi, who was already asleep and cute like a baby, then looking at the ceiling again. She was still wet. Her legs were still spread wide open. She ached all over. And before she fell asleep, she realized that she wanted to have another sleep-over with Terezi as soon as possible.



"Jade's puffy vulva"

John/Condesce

SPI

After tossing and turning for a full hour, John gave up any notion of sleep he might have had. With a resigned sigh, he threw the blankets off his king sized bed.

It took about three and a half movements to get out of the bed. It was enormous. Really, he had no idea why that woman gave him such a large bed. That said it did have surprisingly good springs. The first night he'd been here, he spent hours just bouncing around like it was a trampoline. When the Condesce had walked in on him, he thought she'd be mad, but she'd just gave her odd little smirk, bit her lip for a second then warned "Not to wear out the bed, yet"

John left his glasses on the bedside table when he left. He might not be able to read any signs, but his vision's not so bad that he can't find his way around a stupidly big house in the dark. Not to mention pick out any of the Condesce's pranks or the Baroness's traps.

The house was huge, unreasonably so- Built upon decades of illicit bakery and underworld dealings. On every other wall was a portrait of the one the many faces of Betty Crocker. Rather than threatening all of them, John settled for waving his fist at just one.

Without really thinking about it, John found himself wandering towards the Condesce's room.

By day, he was a captive of the harsh and cruel batter witch, who had swept in and abducted him during the night. She told him this was part of the deal. New kids will play Sburb, and they are forbidden from interfering. John wasn't happy about it at first, but he was allowed to keep in contact with his friends, and they corroborated her story. No one had any idea where they were exactly, but Jade had concluded they were somewhere in the incipisphere of the new session, and seemingly safe enough.

Well, John trusted Betty as far as he could throw her, and he didn't have the mangrit to even sway her in an argument. The Condesce however, she was...nice.

With the wire-honed grace of a true prankster, John silently opens the door to the Condesce's room. The room was huge, just like the house. The walls and floor were cluttered with what he'd come to recognise as troll paraphernalia. Things like art replicas and royal heraldry hang from the walls. Over in the far corner is a dressing table, the holding place of the pink powder, red wig and coloured contacts that bring the loathsome Crocker to life. The horns were, and still are a mystery that refuses to be solved.

John tiptoes past a lusus skin rug and a gilded subjuggalator bagpipe, expertly avoids the rubber cake-rake he knows was left for him, and makes his way to her recuperacoon. He didn't remember ever sharing a bed with his dad, but for some reason he always found it easier to sleep at Her Imperial Condescension's side, even if she did insist on that silly title.

Her regal head poked out from the lip of the slime pod, her dignified, elegant face a picture of idle contentment. John isn't quite sure that's what she looks like, but he read it in one Rose's books and it seems appropriate, or maybe something about how the recuperacoon was easily the size of an expensive hot tub. John wonders if it has any time traveling capabilities.

Putting speculation aside, John quickly removes his Godhood. With no more battles to fight (for now, Crocker) it had been delegated to pyjamas, sweet heavenly pyjamas. But even if they did have weird fast-stain-removal technology, it still felt weird having slimy clothes stick to your skin. They simply must go.

Buck naked and shivering from a slight chill, John climbs up to the edge of the recuperacoon and eases himself into the slime. The sopor always made his skin feel odd and tingly, and tonight was no different.

Carefully, he wades across the short distance to the Condesce's sleeping body, and rests his head against her exposed chest. Between the sopor on his skin, and the gentle moving of her breath, he starts to feels eerily relaxed. The niggling suspicions fade away, the wanderlust dies down, even his mental image of Crocker shifts from a hated foe to a playful rival. He closes his eyes, wraps one arm around her, and reaches for her hair with the other.

And what a head of hair it was- Long, perfect strands of glossy black that stretch all the way past her perky rump and shapely ankles to trail about the floor behind her like the second most self-indulgent cape possible. On more coherent days, John suspects her hair is the sole reason a small army of drones are

charged with keeping all the floors spotless all day round. He combs her hair with his fingers, and marvels at the texture. He'd assume hair covered in slime would be matted and sticky, but instead it was more like being coated in conditioner. He runs his hand through her hair a few more times and giggles at the almost complete lack of resistance. How she fits it under that little red wig is a further mystery she holds over him.

She lets out a deep sigh, drawing John's attention to her face. Like anyone with an ounce of common sense, she sleeps with no makeup on, so he can see the way she really looks. Without the angular red shadows her eyes look more cheerful, and even in sleep her black lips are curved into the smile of someone who always manages to make things fun. She lets out a delightful 'mmmmmm' that bares her mouth full of pointed teeth.

"Couldn't sleep,)(eir?" John jumps, or at least tries to, instead he just sort of flails in the slime for a bit. She chuckles in that odd, distorted way of hers and pulls him against her chest, sinking his face into her cleavage. It would be right and wrong to say the once-Empress had large breasts. Proportionately speaking, they were very modest, a b cup, give or take. Physically speaking, she was an eight foot tall alien and each 'b-cup' breast was still as big as John's head.

"Y-yeah." He stammers. She gently strokes his hair. Even his words sound like they're blushing and she just can't get enough of that.

"Troubled dreams?" John found it fascinating to listen to her talk, the way she pronounces h's with two syllables was like listening to an old, well-loved record, just slightly scratched

enough to add a bit of character, make it different from all the other copies. This is HIS Condesce. John smiles, it feels good to say that, even in his head.

"No...I just...feel more awake when I try to sleep than when I'm awake. Maybe it's because I'm a dreamself now. Like, always. I'm already asleep so I can't sleep any deeper. Hehe, yeah, I know. It doesn't work like that. But I like it with you. In here, I mean. I can sleep, mostly. And not sleeping doesn't bother me. It's...nice." He looks up at her and smiles, that quirked innocent smile that only the stubbornly naive can make. The kind of smile that makes you feel mad with jealousy and powerless before your own unworthiness. A smile not seen on trollkind since the Disciple lost everything.

The Condesce pulls John up and mashes her lips against his, trying to steal his smile with her kiss before it vanishes.

"M-Mom!" John gasps; then begins blushing furiously as his words reach his own ears. Condesce's eyes widen. His arms still pinned by her embrace, he buries his face in her neck. The Condesce suddenly finds she is extremely aware of just how hot his face is.

She had spent more than enough time on Earth to become familiar with the human way of 'parents' A cross between an ancestor and a lusus.

A good 'parent' teaches the grub how to survive and to succeed, while protecting and providing for the grub until they are strong and cunning enough to survive in the world. A good parent is someone the grub strives to emulate out of admiration

and respect. It was a love that went completely opposite the Troll's pity and hate based sentiments.

The Condesce rubbed her cheek against John's head and lifted his face.

"Do you really mean that? You think that much of me?" She stares into his big, blue eyes and forces herself not to lose composure.

"Well...yeah! I mean, you've been really nice to me, and even though you have to be Crocker, I know that's not you, just a role you have to fill. You're pretty, you're nice and you're really fun and you're a great prankster, not as great as me, but really close, and I guess I really look up to you, and not just because you're so tall, but I mean, I never really had a mom and it just sort of slipped out, but if anyone was my mom you're the first person I'd pick, and I hope you don-" John was cut off by the Condesce abruptly lifting him back up and covering his face in feathery kisses. She pulls back, leaving them both panting.

"Mom?" If hearts could have orgasms, the Condesce was having one. She kissed him again, gently scraping her teeth against his bottom lip before invading his mouth with her pale grey tongue. Unsure of what to do, John begins mimicking her tongue movements. He explores her, probing and tasting everywhere he can reach, and battles her tongue for dominance. He's surprised at how sweet her mouth tastes, like fairy floss, or fruit gushers, or similar potent candies.

While their tongue's wrestle, John's hands start to wander. Two fingers trace down the curve of her spine, while the other hand

drags softly from the back of shoulder, down her sensitive side and up her ribs, tracing the skin around her breast before giving it a gentle squeeze. John hesitates, and breaks their kiss.

"Is this...what mom's normally do?" The throbbing in his chest, the burning sweetness in his mouth and the ache between his legs beg him not to stop, but John can't shake the feeling he's forgetting something.

"Yes, John. I've read hundreds of books on human families, this is a common means of bonding, I've found" She gives him a gentle peck on the forehead. "It is a way for philically aligned families to deepen their bond, exploring another's bodies and giving pleasure."

"Okay, that makes sense." He wasn't really sure just what she meant, but she sounded like she knew what she was talking about. He trusted her, and that was enough for him.

"Now why don't you continue where you were" With a dazed nod, John moved both his hands to her heavy breasts. Their grey skin was soft, and smooth like velvet. Without really thinking he began kneading her breasts, feeling their tension and pliancy. He found everything about them mesmerising. Her purple areolas were easily the size of his small fist, and the sight made his throat feel oddly dry. He brushed a thumb over her nipple, causing the Condesce to let out a low hiss, before leaning down to give the tender skin a lick.

The tang of sopor stung his tongue, but the feeling of her breast against his tongue was at once satisfying and agonising the strange longing welling inside of him. His left hand continued

to pamper and tease her left breast as he explored her right with his mouth. The Condesce clutches him close, her hands gently cradling him against her pillowy chest. More of the sopor slime got in John mouth as her breasts slipping below the water line with every few movements, renewing the coat of green goo just as he cleans it off.

Feeling a little light headed, John shifts his attention back to the other breast, moving in and swirling his tongue around the darker skin before lightly nibbling on her nipple. The fallen empress bites her lip. One of her hands moves down slightly to squeeze his ass, the other fumbles blindly in the slime before finding his aching erection. She gives a self-satisfied hum, and gently teases his manhood with her nail.

John's floundered amongst sopor and arousal. His body, face and chest were on fire, while his mind wandered aimlessly in a roiling white fog that concealed his own thoughts from himself.

After making sure he was fully erect, the Condesce's long, elegant fingers tickled the underside of his manhood before giving it a gentle stroke. John shivered, and clamped down on her breast in reflex, sucking and swallowing against her breast in a gentle rhythm, not noticing or caring that nothing was coming out. The Condesce grips his shaft firmly, and starts to move her hand up and down. To his sopor addled mind, it feels like his penis is being kissed by a rain of gentle sparks. The sudden surge in pleasure causes him to let out a high gasp and to throw his arms around the Condesce in desperate longing. As her pace picks up, he pants harder and harder, nuzzling his cheek against her breast. With a predatory grin, the Condesce

flicks a finger across his asshole. The sudden sensations tip him over the edge. John arcs his back, and lets out a long, shaky gasp as he spills his seed into the Condesce's waiting hand. He collapses, spent, against the Condesces's chest, nestling his head between her breasts.

The Condesce raises her hand to her face, and greedily licks up the mix of cum and slime. She strokes John's hair and face, cooing at what a good boy he is. Once John has caught his breath, she pulls him into another long kiss, before setting him down in the slime.

"Now, John, theres something I want you to do for me." She lifts herself up out of the slime, and lies back across the lip of the recuperacoon. With her long, toned legs she pulls John in to her groin.

"It's...different. So pretty..." John's hand idly brushes across his penis, while the other holds on to the Condesce's thigh for support.

Her mound was swollen purple with arousal, and as the green sopor dripped off he noticed some clear, purple fluid leaking out as well. He pulls himself closer to get a better look. Her pussy was completely hairless and smooth, although John wasn't in a position to think anything of this. He runs his finger down the slit, and the Condesce coos in approval. Feeling encouraged, he props his elbows up on her thighs and uses both hands to spread her open. Her inner pussy was a much darker grey than the rest of her skin, and leaking a constant stream of purple fluid. John leans in closer and gives a curious lick. It also tastes sweet, but not like the candy-stained inside of her mouth.

Instead it has a more powerful taste, like the strong vintage wine he once sneaked a nip of a long time ago. Back then, he couldn't stand it, but this he finds intoxicating, not just because of the sopor he keeps accidentally swallowing. He leans back in and gives another, more forceful lick.

"A)O(!" On reflex, the Condesce's legs clench, pulling John closer and mashing his face into her cunt. Already disorientated, John continues licking. Not quite sure of what he's meant to be doing; he uses the same methods he did upon her mouth and breasts. He explores her folds and clefts, and swirls his tongue around her before thrusting into her sopping hole with his tongue.

")(...E---E---E)(ARD ----ER" She moans, rolling her e's like the stormy waves,, a habit she thought she'd quit centuries ago but suddenly finds herself helpless to stop. He probes her insides more, lapping up her intoxicating juices and grinding his face into her cunt. His nose brushes across her throbbing clit, swollen with rich purple blood. She almost yells from pleasure and grips him with her legs even tighter. John notices the protrusion touching his face, and turns his oral lavishing to his new discovery. He swirls his tongue around its edge and along its underside, switching every few seconds.

"M-MOR ----E!" With both arms and legs she forces John's face into her sopping pussy, at the same time thrusting with her hips as she fucks his face. He throws his arms around her waist and pulls her clit into his mouth, sucking and swirling it and scraping his teeth across its sensitive skin as gently as he can before letting it go and giving it kiss and a playful flick.

"A)000000000(!!!!" Her mind turns blank and her whole

body starts to spasm. Thick, purple slime gushes from her quivering cunt, splashing over John's face and into his mouth as all her limbs pull him into her groin.

")("a ha ha ha..." Her whole chest heaves as she pants. She lifts John up and embraces him tightly as she slides back into the Recuperacoon.

"...mom?" She looks down at him. He's got this hopeful, cautious smile that betrays his fear of having messed up. She'd never felt such an overwhelmingly red feeling in her life.

")("aha..." She was still too reeling from her orgasm to speak, so she holds him close in her arms and gives him a long, gentle kiss.

The boy beams, his eyes fluttering shut as fatigue starts to overtake him. She holds him against his chest and relishes the feeling of his rehardened member pressed between them. She would show him how to use that in the morning.

Her Imperial Condescension finds herself humming softly as she drifts to sleep, the human boy nestled against her chest, her slick hair wrapped around them both in a bizarre blanket. She dreams of her future with the boy, doting on him and shaping him after her own image, her own little trickster candy prince.



Counting Sheep

Saltlick

The Handmaid was being ridden by a nightmare. The subject matter was not unfamiliar- Lord English was having his way with her body, tracing his dark tongue over her sensitive parts and filling her with dissonant, unwanted lust. She stirred in her sleep. Doc Scratch stood watching, letting out an odd chuckle, as her boss slid his gnarled claw up her leg, pushing away her skirt to reveal her embarrassingly-flushed bone-bulge. His forked tongue splayed over the length of her bulge high and low, and... very far apart? How long was the forked portion of his tongue, anyway?

She started awake. Instead of her employer undressing and caressing her, there kneeled her dancestor and alternate self, faces frozen and flushed, tongues still wrapped around her bulge. There was a moment of silence, the Handmaid's face spasming as she wrapped her head around the reality of her situation.

Aradia broke the silence, offering a cheerful "yolo!"

"こんにちは、私。私は、我々は古いしているときに熱くしてください、" Damara added, completely incomprehensibly to the Handmaid- Doc Scratch had never bothered to teach her anything but Standard Alternian. In response, the Handmaid shoved her alternate self's head back down to her throbbing bulge.

"I don't know how or why you're here, but I'm long done with being confused by weird time shit. So why don't you two finish what you started?"

With a gesture, the Handmaid directed Aradia to her tits, and her young dancestor eagerly complied. Taking one nipple in her

mouth and the other between her fingers, Aradia began a thorough investigation of the general area of the Handmaid's areolae. Down at her bulge, Damara apparently needed no direction to begin working with her tongue at her alt-self's frenulum. The Handmaid reeled for a bit at the combined sensation, only then to find it not enough; she grabbed Damara by the horns and began to mouth-fuck her, slowly at first, and then with increasing vigor as Damara mumbled what could have been encouragements around her shaft. Freeing one hand from Damara's horn, she grabbed one of Aradia's and pulled her up for a kiss, pushing her tongue brusquely into her dancestor's mouth; Aradia responded with admirable pluck by beginning to suck on her tongue. Aradia began to moan into her mouth as she rubbed her own erect bulge through her God-tier panties on the Handmaid's stomach.

This continued for a few seconds before Damara apparently got bored and shoved a finger up the Handmaid's asshole. She screamed into Aradia's mouth and bucked wildly at the sudden intrusion, but the Handmaid was no stranger, really, to anal stimulation, and she accommodated quickly enough. The extra little touch pushed her to the edge, and she knew there wasn't much time left. She pulled roughly away from Aradia's mouth, barking, "Both of you, on my bulge, now!"

and, with her time powers, the Handmaid made the moment of her bucket-filling orgasm splashing over her young clones' faces last almost an hour.

Peestuck

Waifuanon

Her legs were going numb, the strain of being spread on the floor and forced to squat in place was killing her. Her knees were starting to buckle under her weight, her body shaking with both exhaustion and need. Pupil-less eyes glanced around the darkened room nervously, fear and something else filling her stomach with tight coils. The Karkat she'd befriended in the dream bubbles had kept her here, in the memory of the room with her shipping chart for the entire day. Her hands were bound behind her back, the rope crudely attached to the bindings on her ankles and keeping her completely at the mercy of her captor.

"Karkitty purlease let me go!" Nepeta whined, trying in vain to tug her arms around to her front. Her knees were aching and her bare feet and calves felt like pins and needles were pricking at them constantly. She cast a look to her left, pointedly ignoring the images she had once scrawled along the wall, pleading with Karkat who stood leaning against the wall holding a water bottle. The sight made her bladder flex, reminding her of just how much he'd been piling onto her during the course of the day. At the time it seemed completely reasonable that he hadn't wanted her to get dehydrated, but now she just felt desperate and wanted to crawl into a litter box and pee all day. He shook the bottle towards her, feigning a confused look,

"Why would I let you go? This is what you wanted, isn't it? All my attention on you, just like a spoiled little kitten?" Nepeta flushed darkly, swallowing as he took several strides towards her. Nepeta could practically weep, her body shuddering as her

bladder twitched, the feeling of all her pee ready to squirt out of her causing her to instinctively try to squeeze her legs together. She groaned, shaking with effort to hold on, clenching herself and shuddering as the urge passed. Without warning, she felt a hand on her face, and at once knew what was happening. She closed her mouth with enough force to make her jaw hurt, gritting in preparation. Karkat growled, squeezing her cheeks to force her mouth open and turning her head to face him. She squirmed as much as she could to try and keep him from putting the water bottle against her lips, but a quick swat against her ass startled her into opening wide. He tipped the bottle upwards, watching as Nepeta struggled to keep up and swallow fast enough to not suffocate. He pulled away when she managed to down half the bottle in one go, walking to some unseen part of the room as Nepeta coughed, spitting up water and choking.

As her coughing died down she could feel the heat of someone behind her. The hair on the back of her neck pricked up, and she shivered as Karkat placed his hands gently against her breasts. He cupped them, brushing his thumbs against her nipples, making them harden with little effort. His hot breath brushed against her neck and ear as he laughed softly, massaging her chest and tugging on her nipples. She felt her breath hitch in her throat, whining and mewling as one of his hands slide along the curve of her back down the crack of her ass. Nepeta jumped when he slowly spread her cheeks to wiggle one finger in between the sweat dampened area. He managed to get himself in to the knuckle, moving it around as if searching for something, before he started making her bladder throb again. She groaned, grinding her hips into the air. Karkat's finger digging into her nook was heavenly but she was still desperate to pee, and her body was finding it harder and harder to hold on.

She could feel herself getting wetter, vicious genetic fluid coating her sensitive parts, the feeling of arousal serving to intensify her need to pee. Karkat's finger thrusting in and out of her was driving her crazy; she couldn't tell if she wanted to mount him more or give in and take a piss over his hand. A particularly rough twist of her nipple sent shocks through her body, her bladder painfully contracting as if all her water were going to flood out of her at once. She squeaked, jumping and bouncing as much as she could in her position.

"Karkat stop, I'm going to pee!" The words flew out of her mouth in a panic, Nepeta frantically shaking her hips from side to side in a desperate bid to halt the feeling of her pee slipping out of her. Tears burned at the corners of her eyes as she felt the first few drops spill out of her tortured hole, almost certain she would completely lose it in a moment. She was on the very edge of release and at once, his hand dropped to pinch together her lower lips, startling the troll into almost peeing right there. He nipped into her shoulder before pulling away and bringing his mouth right against her ear,

"You'll hold it until I say you can let go." She cried out with renewed urgency, shaking her warmth fitfully and unable to keep her body still. As if to distract her, Karkat slipped two fingers into her slick entrance at once, reveling in the gasp she let out. Slowly, deliberately, he moved his fingers in and out of her, feeling her walls tremble around his fingers. If he rubbed his fingers upwards, he could practically feel the steady pulse of her bladder ready to explode and the thought that she was holding on for him was almost absolutely driving him mad.

"Oh.." The soft sound of her voice and the tensing of her body was little preparation for the feeling of several drops of liquid spilling out of her onto his hand. Nepeta could hear the

pattering of her spurt against the ground and clenched as hard as she could to hold back longer. She managed to slow the flow to a trickle, the liquid making trails along her thighs before slowly stopping. But now her hips couldn't stop moving, her body screaming for relief while Karkat pulled out of her backside with a loud sleching sound, and quickly slid his hand towards her pussy, pressing his fingers against her to help her hold back. She sighed, trembling as he massaged her lips.

"Just a little longer. You can do it." It was hardly reassuring, but hearing the low timbre of his voice and how sure he sounded, Nepeta nodded slowly, eventually managing to get a hold over herself and cease her body's shaking. Not moving his hand, Karkat let his head rest against her back still rubbing along the outermost part of her lower-lips. He continued pinching and rolling one of her nipples in his other hand, listening to the soft moaning and cat-like whimpers Nepeta let out. Letting one hand trail down to her distended stomach and pressing his fingers into it with increasing hardness, he chuckled against her back when she mewled out in. When he started rolling her belly in his hand once more, jostling the contents enough for Nepeta herself to hear all the liquid she was holding, she bit into her lip hard enough to draw blood. But then he began to thrust his fingers into her opening again, harder and faster than before with seemingly little regard to her delicate sense of state. She whined in the back of her throat, rapidly approaching orgasm but also aware of the feeling of her pee tittering literally at the brink. Nepeta could feel herself slowly losing control, trails of pee trailing down her legs and short bursts spurting from her onto the floor until finally Karkat managed to twist his fingers in just the right way and bring her completely over the edge.

"Karkat I can't!" She tossed her head back, face flushing in shame as her pent up pee exploded out of her with enough force to form an arc. Karkat jerked his hand back despite the fact that it was already coated in light green urine, and got up to go watch the spectacle from the front. The light green fluid pooled around her knees, thin trails winding down her thighs, hot enough to cause small amounts of steam to rise from the ground. Nepeta slumped her shoulders, body sagging in relief as she continued to pee. When the stream finally trickled to a few drops, Nepeta lazily looked towards Karkat, who smiled down at her,

"I told you you'd like it."





Why Does My Son Keep Jerking Off (When He Has A Perfectly Good Mother He Could Be Fucking)

Saltlick

She walked towards the outbuilding, bladder somewhat pressing, magazine clutched in her hand, and reached for the doorknob- and paused. From inside the four rough wooden walls came a low, quiet groan, unquestionably that of her mutant charge. She colored a faint, lichenous green and stepped back. From behind the door, the noises continued, and the Dolorosa's mind scrabbled for purchase on the situation.

The young troll she had raised from meteor-delivered grubhood, for whom she abandoned her entire livelihood, for whom she had built this house with her own hands, was right now using their shared shithole as a pail. How was she to react to that?

All the jadебloods in the breeding caverns received- and were compelled to use- exemptions from pail duty, and until she found that odd little newhatched in a crater she had never questioned the life she lead. Here on the surface, though, a refugee from the service of the mother grub- her attachment to chastity waned.

And her ward had grown since that time. That grub had pupated and shed its larval legs, stretched upwards like a weed, and as he approached manhood, had begun his strange visions of an impossible utopia. Chopping firewood for the house and carrying water from the well had covered his frame in lithe muscle, and as the baby fat had melted away from his bones a handsome face had emerged. And, if she was honest, when he peeled his pants off his torso to bathe in the late morning, her

eyes sometimes lingered perhaps a moment too long. This child, this man, this handsome young troll was using her outhouse as a pail.

And her bladder was growing, gradually, ever more urgent. She did need to get into the outhouse eventually, after all. With the heel of her hand she pushed back against that pressure, and was flustered by a second pressure rising further south. A louder moan rose from within the outhouse, then cut off sharply to turn into a whimper. The Dolorosa's hand crept further south to rub gently at her vulva. She resisted the urge to let out a cry of her own, and instead bit down on the magazine in her other hand.

The outhouse was nearly silent for a few seconds, as her hand traced hesitant circles on the fabric above her groin; then, a stuttering grunt inspired her to begin kneading outright. She tottered backwards a few steps and came to rest, leaning back against the wall. As she dug in harder with her knuckles, she did not notice the sudden cessation of sound through the wall.

The door swung open about a foot, and both the Dolorosa and her young charge froze, staring at each other in horror and evident guilt- she with her hand at her crotch, he with his pants all untidy, pulled barely up to his hips, his bulge protruding through.

Silence held for a while, faces blank, mouths gaping for something to say, until the signless young man sputtered out, "L-lusus, I-"

She sprung forward and grabbed his face to stop that word with her own mouth. They stumbled into the dark of the outhouse, knocking a bottle of soapy lemon water off a shelf in the process, and ended up with the backs of his knees hitting the

edge of the load gaper. He sat down abruptly, and she fell forward onto him, mouths still pressed almost painfully together. His pants had fallen to his knees by this point, and his bulge- longer than she expected, somehow, not that she had any basis for comparison- waved its shocking pink color in the air to the meter of his heartbeat. His hands crept towards his groin in awkward modesty, and she realized she had broken away from the kiss to stare. She dove back in to resume the osculation and placed her hand on his member. He gulped into her mouth, and tilted his head back involuntarily; she placed a kiss on his neck, instead of his out-of-reach lips, and was rewarded with an audible gasp. He pushed his hips upwards, rocking against her hand, the head sliding fluidly through its detached sheath. To the Dolorosa's immense satisfaction and arousal, her attentions inspired an inarticulate groan, a sputtered "oh- oh yes!"

But her own needs were as, or more, urgent. She rocked on his knee for a while, and then impatiently pulled away from her ministrations to his neck to hike up her skirt. She resumed her frottage for a while, this time separated from his skin only by a dampening cotton panty. This time, it was her turn to have her neck kissed and hesitantly nipped; her turn to beg the air for more. The young man who would become the infamous Signless took her skirt in his trembling hands and pulled upwards, undressing her slowly and clumsily; she did her best to aid him, but never stopped pushing her groin against his leg. When he kicked his pants all the way off of his feet, he pushed up hard against her vulva and surprised a pleased yelp out of her.

Now they were both nude but for her panties. His hands reached up to cup her acid sacks, as hers trailed down his muscled chest; then, all at once, they both reached for the band of her underwear.

"Oh, I can-" "No, let me-" She pulled her hands up, and left them dangling restlessly in the air as he wiggled the flimsy garment down her legs, exposing the green folds of her seedflap, glistening with lubricant. When the damp panties were on the floor, she began, with hesitant motions, to position herself over his bulge.

How did one begin the act of coitus? She knew the theory- knew that his bulge went into her seedflap and that repeated movement and stimulation of her clitoris would provoke them both to release their genetic material- but that left several important practical concerns unanswered. Was there an appropriate angle she should be aiming for?

The man her adopted grub had grown to be placed his hands on her hips and, shaking, guided her over to the tip of his erect phallus. They made contact, and- he with his hands, she with her weight- they pushed together. He sank in with a groan. Her hand fluttered over to press at her clitoris, to be replaced by his as he regained his reason. They moved together, and-

And the Dolorosa remembered just how badly she had to pee.

Even as the pleasure rose, and he began bucking into her with greater and greater force, rubbing gently over the most sensitive place on her skin, so too did the urge to urinate. She tried to contain her panic as they thrashed about together on top of the load gaper, but the movement and the invading organ just made her bladder spasm harder. Underneath her he seemed to be rising towards his climax, and her release, too, was imminent- the important question was, which would come first- the release of her urine, or the release of her genetic material? The pace picked up, their shouts grew louder and less verbal. Urine first, or genetic material? Urine first, or-

Or both, simultaneously. His genetic material began spraying inside her vaginal canal, as from its terminus her own began to gush from its gland. The two fluids crashed together and flowed back out of her in a dark brown mess, flowing over his hips and into the load gaper, their improvised filial pail. At the same time, she let go of her urine, flowing out in a messy clear stream, splattering into the more viscous mud of their slurry. His head was tilted back in a full-throated yell, and his eyes were closed; the Dolorosa hoped only that she could void completely before he had the presence of mind to look down. Nearly, nearly...

His head drooped downwards, and his eyelids raised in stupor, as the final surges of their genetic material trickled from their coupling- then the sleep went straight out of his eyes as he noticed the clear stream of fluid cleansing the dark brown from his skin.

"Lusus, did you-?"

They never spoke of that day again.



The Dolorosa's
Long, Long Legs

KM
122

Metastuck - Grimdark Showeranon

Of course. Out of all the team members, it had to the tumblr who ascended first. Not that HSG expected much out of deviantArt, but why not MSPAF? He was always going on about how he was supposed to be the leader, how he was the hero or some other bullshit that no one cared bout. No, it had to tumblr, that irredeemable bitch whore. Now did she not only have an even bigger ego to defend, but the firepower to back it up.

Then again, HSG was really the defining factor in the location of her sordid actions, the supplier of the guilty gizmo, and the instigator that drove tumblr to use the covertly alchemized bomb/dildo hybrid in the first place. If he was going to be bitching to anyone about this, he'd bitch to himself. If he were half as good at adventuring as he was at holding schizophrenic forum, he's have killed everyone's denizens at this point.

"Goddamn lousy feminazi bitch," the ginger genteel muttered to himself, making way up the slick face of a rather perverse rubber outcropping, "Why'd you have to go and fuck her anyway? Because she's a foxy slunt, you dumb homo tool. What, foxy? Oh hell no. She doesn't even have any boobage to speak of beyond an A cup, if that." He paused, throwing his gaze to the air perpendicular to his left shoulder, "Implying that doesn't make her about five time hotter than the would be with a double D.

"Hahaha, faggot. Would you get a load of this guy?" He asked to himself, thumbing in the direction of his face, "What are you, son, some kind of pedo?" He threw his head to the air to his right. "I'm sorry that you just have shit taste in women,

dicktoast. Oh yeah, like you've ever even been with a woman before. Sorry that you can't get laid, bro, but you don't need to get angry about is and bitch to us. What the fuck do you mean 'I can't get laid?' You were there too, fuckface!" He held up his right hand and extended his index finger, "My penis was literally inside of her vagina, moving in and out in a thrusting manner. The resulting friction stimulated my shaft and brought me to orgasm, which may or may not have been accompanied by ejaculation." He continued to climb, "True story!"

Not that any of that mattered at this point. Had HSG been in the mood of a fine gentleman, clad in silken top hat and pince-nez, and had elected to stay behind after finishing himself and tend to the needs of his partner, he would not be in this situation complaining about it in the first place. Of course, HSG was very rarely an aristocracy of character. His flighty, rather dickish nature had given rise to fleeing as soon as he was satisfied. This did nothing in the way of improving his relationship with tumblr, even if his "hit-it-and-quit-it" approach to sex did leave the Thief with an impressive powerset and a rather snappy new set of attire. And were it not for so sadistic the science of sexual synergy performed on the shaky little lovetoy, tumblr promptly would have finished herself off with dexterous digits aplenty. Bitchier mood permitted, though she would not be invoking HSG's jealousy.

MSPAF, the upbeat shitstain, was more than thrilled. Though a bit taken aback at the rather unorthodox method of ascension, the resulting boon for the ream was substantial enough for even a prude such as him to overlook certain details. MSPAF's jubilation sickened HSG. Whatever happened to all those good times when they had talked bros? Backstabbing son-of-a-whore is what he was.

The only two reliable people in the entire Medium were hardly on HSG's whitelist at the moment. Their planning in the team's joint memo for their next collective move sickened HSG. Great big cosmic circlejerk is what it was.

All of that was behind him now.

Ever the go-getter and conniving dickweed, HSG would not let this indignation stand.

"Bitches trying to get me down and they got no idea what I got in store." He mumbled under his breath. His ascent had slowed, but was close to tapering off into a plateau. "What the hell do you think you're going to do? What else? I'm going God Tier. Yeah, right. Well why the fuck not? I peaked my echeladder streets ago. What the hell does that even mean. If you need to ask, you're streets behind. Either way, the only place left to go is up. And the only place beyond Titan Tempestuous is realizing the goodhood of the Prince of Rage!"

HSG's expression widened into a grin as he placed his right hand on the edge of the plateau. He quickly grabbed the edge with his left arm and was just as swiftly met with a biting pain throughout the length of his hand. He gritted his teeth, but no levee was ever built for such a hurricane.

"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!" HSG exclaimed as he swung his body up to the smooth, flat surface. He grabbed his left wrist on bended knee and winced, "WHY THE FUCK IS HALF THIS GODDAMN PLANET MADE OF FUCKING GLASS?!?! WHOSE BRIGHT FUCKING IDEA WAS THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE?!?"

Down in the valley below, a group of playful young eggs were passing their time in a way that most playful young eggs often do.

"Fart!" Exclaimed one, his companions not far behind him.

"Fart fart!" Another, stouter egg shouted. He playfully nudged his friend in the shell. The first egg quickly turned to see the other two eggs in their group wandering off to a nearby glade of dildos.

"Fart fart fart?" The first egg asked.

"Fart fart fart fart fart fart fart fart 'fart fart.'" His friend coyly remarked.

"Fart fart fart fart, Fart. Fart fart fart fart fart fart. Fart fart."

"Far fart, Fart's fart fart fart."

"Fart, fart Fart fart fart faaaaart fart. Fart fart."

"Fart," his friend responded, "Fart fart fart fart fart fart fart fart fart." Their conversation was cut off by a noise. Not a shriek, nor a scream. No, this was a cry: A cry so angry and terrible that the glass rods in the surrounding area began to resonate, emitting a haunting, sorrowful hum.

"Fart fart fart fart fart?!?!"

"Fart fart, fart fart fart fart fart!"

"Fart fart fart fart fart?" He cried to his companion, terrified.

"Fart fart! Fart fart fart fart fart fart. Fart fart fart fart fart fart!" No verbal consent was required; the pair took off through the valley, the second surprising fleet of shell for one of his gait. In moments they were gone.

HSG swiftly removed the provoking shard of glass from his hand, a cascade of blood staining his olive green sleeve into an ugly shade of brown.

"Fuck. Shit." He muttered. HSG attempted to suck on the wound, but it was too deep, too painful to even touch. Any blood that was not escaping from his body en masse began to boil.

"Guess anything that can help speed me along..." HSG looked over his right shoulder. On the horizon he spied a tall, thin structure jutting towards the sinking light of Skaia. No words; he knew that had to be done. The Prince retrieved a fire-engine red jet pack from his sylladex. The equipping rigmarole was far more difficult with a gimp hand, but that only made him all the madder. The Red Haired prince squatted and inhaled sharply. Without pause he dashed for the edge of the plateau and jumped, crying once more in righteous fury. His jetpack roared to life, sending him up and over the valley, careening towards the tower with violent abandon.

He was going to make that bitch eat her words.

Landing gently would be an incorrect way to describe HSG's arrival at the Quest Bed. A tumbling cloud of fervent thrashing and curse words would be a far more accurate way of saying it. His mouth full of rubber shavings, HSG spat them out along with several unkind remarks as to the Land of Glass and Rubber's character.

LOGAR was slightly hurt, but had since come to expect this sort of thing from the Prince at this juncture, so the remark didn't really sting. LOGAR quickly got over itself and went back to busying itself with planetary things.

HSG, on the other hand, began to busy himself with that which he deemed appropriate for a Prince orchestrating his own coronation.

His Quest Bed was similar to tumblr's; it certainly evoked some recent, sweaty memories. Though emblazoned in the center of

the stone slab was not the pinwheel of Space, but rather the symbol of Rage, an odd amalgamation of fury and impulse. Seeing this excited HSG like no other. He knew that before long his snazzy fuckin' jacket would be similarly adorned with the symbol like a squire bearing into battle the standard of his royalty.

He made a fist with his injured hand, gritting his teeth, but smiling. The vermillion rain gracing the sleek purple surface of the tower reminded HSG that he had to work quickly if he wanted to see this through correctly. He made his way over towards the Quest Bed, slowly at first, but soon picking up his pace. He placed a leg up on the slab; the stone was a welcome change from the terrestrial makeup of LOGAR. At least it won't shatter if I sit on it, the Prince thought.

From here on out things were simple. Reclining against one of the four pillars of his Quest Bed HSG knew what had to happen. Normally suicide would have been something that he'd have broken into tumblr for; an easy point of jeering contention. Ordinarily, the thought of taking his life would have been alien, full of dark mystique, and rather grisly.

But this was Sburb. It was abundantly clear that the rules were different here. The game put forward a set of rules and functions in such a way that it almost seemed inconvenient not to manipulate them. And given those rules and the people that were made to follow them, at least in this set of circumstances, it seemed wrong to do anything to the contrary. MSPAF would put the strength of the team above all else, and tumblr probably wouldn't care even if HSG didn't have a second shot (She may even endorse the idea!).

For what it's worth, he really didn't give a damn what they thought.

HSG didn't have the proper cards in his Strife Deck to ensure a quick, easy, and figuratively clean demise. But this was HSG. He had proven himself good at anything it was being able to make something function when handed absolutely nothing. With little captcha rigmarole he produced a pair of bottles from his sylladex. One, glass, contained a clear liquid. The other, plastic, whose contents rattled as the container was moved into the physical realm.

"Years of mood stabilizers and I still can't figure out with one I like better. Or which one actually worked." He said dryly, still sarcastic as ever even when rummaging through Death's game cupboard.

"Welp," began the Red Headed Royal as he snapped off the container's respective lids, "Sure as fuck ain't no Bandol Red..." The alcohol was strong enough to make him turn up his nose, even at a distance. Perfect. "Heaven or hell, let's rock" He raised the bottle of liquid to the sky, "Here's to the Huss.

The strong excuse for liquor burned at his throat and nostrils, and when peppered with pills he made a cocktail that his body wasn't all too inclined to ingest. No pain, no gain I suppose. One bottle lay empty at his feet, the other, still in hand, serving to stupefy the situation even further. He was feeling a sharp buzz and a dull fuzziness all at once. He figured that for courtesy's sake he ought to give his team members the low down, regardless of whether or not they were in the mood to hear him talk. The Prince tapped a clover shaped pin in the lapel of his coat. A dull blue display accented with green sprang to life and danced before him, holographic and translucent. HSG tapped a yellow box with one finger, entering his team's joint memo.

Current homestuckGeneral [HSG] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board Circlejerkin' Wonderland

HSG: Hey guys. Big news.

Current deviantArt [DVA] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.

DVA: hsg-kun!

DVA: *huggle glomps*

DVA: ^ _____ ^

HSG: Yeah, none of that shit.

Current tumblr [TBR] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.

TBR: what the hell do you want?

HSG: Okay.

HSG: Listen up, assholes, 'cause this shit is big.

HSG: Like, DMK's huge, blubbery asshole big.

TBR: don't make fun of people's weight you ectonormalist!fuckhead.

TBR: it's really #rude.

DVA: who is dmk?!?!? (ò_ô)

HSG: Are you guys gonna shut thef fuck up or what?

TBR: ...

DVA: *perks up her ears and listens intently*

Current MS Paint Adventure Forums [MSP] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.

MSP: Just tell us, HSG.

HSG: Alright.

HSG: Get this.

HSG: So I found my quest bed right?

HSG: Yeah, I'm sitting on it right now.

HSG: And I just took a bottle of oxy and a half of everclear.

HSG: I'm gonna go god tier guys.

MSP: ...

MSP: No way.

TBR: suicide isn't something you joke about you insensitive!asshole!

TBR: it's a serious thing!

DVA: nooooooo!~~

DVA: hsg-kun~ T____T

HSG cut the memo short right there. No need to deal with his teammate's vapid bullshit at this juncture. He leaned his head back against the pillar and shut his eyes. Arm betwixt arm, he could feel the edge of the cliff. His muscles began to relax into an almost euphoric state; it was incredible that he was able to produce so much an errant finger twitch, much less the droll grin that graced his mouth. The edge crept closer, and his toes were dangling off now, taunting the abyss. There was no staring contest. The impassioned royalty accepted his fate. He jumped as his body gave way to the poison. And as he fell, the ginger felt a sense of smug satisfaction.

"Everything is finally paying off..." HSG muttered, compressed by the Kevorkian cocktail. His body collapsed onto the cold stone slab, and he entered free fall, the cliff no longer in sight.

And then he landed. No soft landing, no safety net. He impacted on something. Hard. HSG sat bolt upright, his cranium narrowly missing one of the corner posts of his Quest Bed in doing so. His limbs were made so feeble by the poison that he could barely support himself, throwing prostrate across the smooth expanse. Every inch of his body was simultaneously ablaze and immersed in a suffocating layer of thick, oily

sensation. His vision was blurred, though it became quickly apparent to the Prince that he was still on the Land of Glass and Rubber. And even more troubling to HSG was the examination of his sleeves; they remained a dull shade of olive green. No transformation had occurred, no exaltation and apotheosis. The Prince remained very much a mortal; very much alive.

"Wh... What." He sputtered, his tongue seized on dull strings yanked by a brain-dead puppeteer, "I was supposed to go God Tier... I was supposed to..." He coughed a wet, hacking cough, full of phlegm and bile. A macabre reflection of its progenitor.

"I was supposed to die..." He slammed a barren fist to the stone, "I was supposed to ascend." Another cough, this time accompanied by a modest quantity of vomit. Sickly pale green, nearly matching his jacket color, stained his faded blue jeans.

"THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN!" HSG held a fist to the sky as best he could, furiously cursing Skaia, himself, and most of all the Thief. Surely, this was her fault, somehow. Though weakened still, HSG doubled over once more onto all fours, vomiting with greater force and potency. His thin, wiry arms gave way under the weight of his own body. HSG collapsed into a humiliating pool of his own excrement, though not before producing even more. The Prince struggled to keep his eyes open, the rest of his senses overwhelmed by poison and noxious vapors.

Lids aflutter, the Titan passed into a distressed limbo. All sensation ceased. He simply lay there amid slurry of self-loathing and bile. Were one to happen upon this scene, they would most certainly turn their noses up in repulsion.

And as it would be, something did happen upon this scene.

Far gone yet not forgotten, the Dark Gods were sequestered beyond all perception in the inky black reaches of the Furthest Ring, even further from Skaia than moon of Derse. So distant, yet, ever watchful, ever influential. Though everything in the Incipisphere carries importance, and in the same way serves as a potential pawn in the machinations of the Dark Gods, the resident dreamers of the towers of Derse were their most favorite subjects. Potentially corruptible, yet not inherently passive and compliant to command. And possessing such a degree of influence on the future of the Medium made them the perfect employees.

The heroes of Derse, however, were still players. They could not be overcome unless by their own volition or weakness of mind and character. The Dark Gods were aware of the Thief's apotheosis. She was not entirely a lost cause, though her prime for subjugation had clearly passed. A valuable asset, though impractical to utilize. Their inky lens instead shifted focus to the Prince of Rage, whose most recent set of circumstances had given rise to a very lucrative opportunity for the Noble Circle of Horrorterrors.

There was an echo, as if speaking inside of dank cave. HSG's thoughts were erratic, though stretched few and far between. Everything was muddled, as if one was looking and listening through a pane of frosted glass. Nothing made sense and only one thing was apparent: He had fucked up. For the first time in his life, he was willing to concede his mistakes. The strength of ego had met it's Paris, contended, and fallen.

This sudden weakness made the job of infiltrating the mind of the Prince of Rage a relatively simple task. Though years of slumbering on Derse's moon had made his mind all the more

susceptible to intrusion, no direct action could be taken unless the circumstances allowed. This just so happened to be one of those sets of circumstances.

The Dark Gods came upon the Prince chin deep in various fluids and quickly went to work. Their tendrils poked, prodded, and slithered about HSG's mental expanse. Dank, misty, and cavernous, it held many secrets, things that HSG would never have wanted anyone to know, and some things about which not even he was aware. Subtle, nefarious, but not unnoticed.

Though drowned in stupor and his personal pungent vapors the frosted glass through which he perceived the world still allowed light to pass through. HSG felt their intrusion, and the Horrorterrors quickly realized that their entrance into the Prince's psyche would not be nearly as simple as they had imagined. They prepared for resistance.

And none came. HSG could sense the Dark Gods' slight confusion, to which he cracked a smile.

"W..what? You were expecting a fight, huh?" HSG raised his body, supported on shaking limbs, weak though they were, "You think I... You think I don't want this?" The Dark Gods began probing deeper. Turns and twists in the confines of HSG's subconscious, they happened upon fragments of what constituted the Titan's being. Childhood memories, plagued with self-loathing and regret, current thoughts of hate, vengeance, and degradation. It was all too perfect; a fertile landscape in which to plant their seed, "What are you waiting for, squiddly... Just do it."

A seed which was unafraid to destroy itself growing into a tree.

"JUST DO IT!!!!" HSG bellowed, once again causing the glass pillars to vibrate and hum their low, musical resonance. The

Horrorterrors seized the Prince and came upon every aspect of his being, completely engulfing him in their dark rapture. Above the tower, the sky darkened, and fell pillar of thick, spiny tendrils descended upon his meager form. The Prince heaved his chest and fell. Drawing another wry smirk, he caught himself before collapsing, his chest suspending the rest of his body a few inches above the cold stone warmed with alcohol and failed aspirations.

HSG steadied himself, twisting his body into a standing position like a terrible marionette, hovering just a few inches from the Quest Bed. His skin was now greyed as though dusted by a liberal helping of charcoal, and about his wiry body wreathed a dark energy; flame black as an ocean trench and just as chilling. His feet touched down on the slimy rock. He exhaled, blowing from his mouth a thick cloud of smoke which shaped itself into a mass of writhing tentacles as it dissipated. His lips drawn back revealed his teeth now stark white against his skin.

His body went slack with the deep exhalation. For the first time in his life, HSG could hear himself think. No more would he have to endure the countless voices. His thoughts were organized, indexed and rational. His knuckles white from years of constantly clenching his fists finally relaxed. His pulse steadied and slowed. He squinted as he gazed towards Skaia, admiring its radiance.

For the first time in his life, he was calm. For the first time in his life, he felt chill, as though everything was right with himself. The game, the quest, the failed ascension, the Thief... None of it mattered anymore. The dildos seemed more vibrant, and the glass rods refracted light in a spectrum that the Prince was not even aware existed until this point. Behind him, an

unmistakable set of wings aflutter broke HSG from his pleasant reverie. The Prince slowly directed his attention across the Quest Bed. MSPAF stood in awe, a dumb expression of wonder and confusion painted on his pallid face. Seeing that HSG was aware of his presence, he quickly assumed a fighting stance, his key-gun held at the ready. There was a long, pensive silence. MSPAF was the first to break it.

"...H-HSG? I started coming here as fast as I could when you said you were about to kill yourself and I just wanted to see if everything had gone alright what with your ascension but I mean now you're all dark and stuff and but I guess that..." He stammered, "Is that y-you?" HSG exhaled deeply, blowing a long black cloud from his nose. Hands in pockets, he turned to face the Heir. The Prince cocked his head at a playful angle.

"Yeah, bro. It's me," he shifted his head to one side, "Who else would I be?" MSPAF was visibly nervous and did not respond. His lips stayed together as if they were bolted shut by his nerves. HSG raised an eyebrow and looked up to the pillar of dark energy hovering above the tower.

"What, this thing making you nervous?" He threw a dismissive gesture in MSPAF's direction, chortling, "Don't let it. There's nothing to worry about."

"N-nothing to worry about? Fuck, I mean, sorry... How is there nothing to worry about? You've gone off the deep end in every way!" HSG chuckled. MSPAF bit his lip in frustration.

"Nope. It's all good. I don't see why there's any cause for alarm." He threw his hands back in a 'No-idea' gesture and then let his arms fall to his sides, swinging there for a moment.

"B-but you've gone grimdark! You're playing pawn to the Horrorterrors!" MSPAF was quickly becoming exasperated,

"How can we complete the game when one of our players is a servant of darkness?!?" HSG held up a flat palm, shaking his head.

"Bro, don't sweat it. Darkness is not the opposite of light," he began, stepping forward, "It is the absence of light." He stepped next to MSPAF, who faltered backwards, almost dropping his key when HSG placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I know what I'm talking about, man." The Prince gazed upwards once more, admiring the radiance of Skaia.

"I feel fantastic."

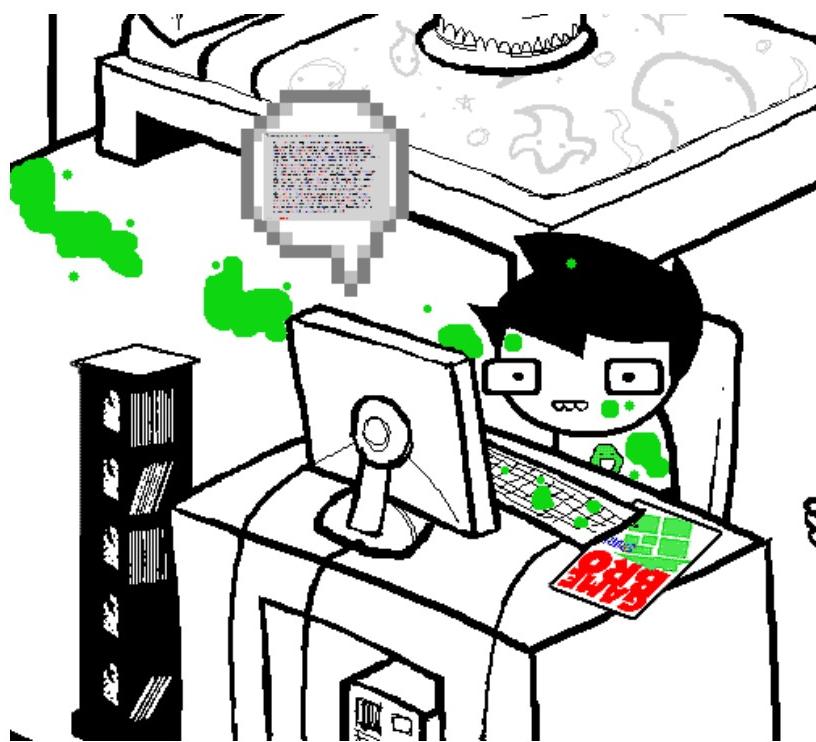


MUCH TIME LATER



Dont' forget:
you're here
forever.

HSG, I did something I'm not too proud of. Earlier today at the pharmacy, there was a really great sale on this cheap shampoo, so I decided I was going to buy a container. However, as I was about to take one and head to the cashier, I saw a rather large group of green shampoo containers. The soap inside was nearly the exact same color as sopor slime. I have this fantasy about being a troll for a day, and that fantasy includes sleeping in a recuperacoon. In a fit of desperation to fulfill my dream, I bought all the tubes of green shampoo. The cashier gave me a very strange look and I began to regret my decision, but the deed was done. I sped home and then took the shampoo up to my bathroom. I emptied all the bottles into my bathtub, being sure to plug it up first. I threw the empty bottles out, stripped naked, and eased myself into the tub. It wasn't completely filled up with the slime, but it smelled amazing, like green tea almost. I stayed in there for what seemed like forever, just thinking about being a troll. I even masturbated in the fake sopor, pretending my dick was a bone bulge. It was only when I went to get out of the tub that I realized what I had done. How was I going to rinse all this soap off my body? How was I going to wash it out of the bathtub? I'm writing this still half covered in the stuff. Help, HSG



Cockanaya's Halloween Fun

shitfacedanon

Hello It Is I Kanaya Maryam And Well If I Am To Be Rather
Forthright I Am Not Completely Certain Where Exactly To
Begin This Little Autobiographical Erotic Excerpt Rose Was
Always The More Experienced In Such Matters And I Cant
Help But Feel As If My Own Attempts Might Be Particularly
Bland And Less Flowery Then Her Own But Oh Well I Suppose
It Cant Hurt To Try And Also I Am Rather Rusty At This
Whole Thing So Pardon That As Well Potential Reader

Where Do I Begin This Entry

I Suppose I Should Start From The Proverbial Beginning It
Was The Autumn Season That Some Humans Refer To As Fall
For Some Reason Ive Never Been Able to Understand Seriously
Why Do Humans Call It Fall That Has Always Bothered Me
Autumn Makes More Sense Yet Some Call It Fall Some
Humans Are Just Stupid I Suppose

Oh Yes Im Getting Off Tangent Here Well Anyway It Was The
Thirty First Day Of The Tenth Lunar Cycle Of The Human
Solar Sweep According To Rose Which Meant It Was A Special
Day Called Halloween In Which Human Children Rob Various
Hives And Extort Sugary Confections From The Occupants In
Exchange For Not Vandalizing Said Hive

Some Humans Are Known To Dress Up In Various Elaborate
Costumes In Order To Improve Their Odds Of Appearing More
Frightening So As To Better Extort Said Candy At Least This
Is What Dave Has Told Me And I Can Never Fully Trust Him
But Either Way I Didnt Care As A Chance To Show Off My

Embroidery And Fashion Skills Was Always Something That Interested Me So I Agreed To It In Any Case

Anyway Being Unaccustomed To This Ritual Holiday Rose Took It Upon Herself To Accompany Me In Order To Help Me Better Understand This Most Bizarre Yet Rather Curious And Entertaining Human Custom

First She And I Were To Dress Ourselves She Dressed In Some Outfit That Resembled Some Animated Character From A Show Titled The Bleak Exploits Of William And Amanda Which I Must Admit I Found Rather Alluring As Her Pink Blouse With Yellow Flower Only Drooped To Her Upper Thighs And Only Barely Covered Her Most Perky And Bountiful Buttocks Whats More Her Lovely Creamy White Legs Were Covered In A Most Striking White And Black Thigh High Stockings And While I Had Not Been Able To Obtain A Accurate Gaze I Could Not Help But Assume She Was Also Wearing A Lovely Matching Set Of Black And White Panties

I Was Dressed As A Character From Another Human Animated Franchise Referred To As The Powderpoof Mutants At Least I Believe That Was Its Name Anyway I Was Adorned In Some Green And Black Stripped Shirt And White Leggings That Nearly Made My Digestive Pouch Knot At The Sheer Horror Of This Garish Ensemble Yet Seeing As The Custom Seemed To Demand Such Ugly Presentation As A Matter Of Course I Put Such Thoughts Out Of Mind Especially As It Helped To Accentuate Roses Most Curvy Features Such As Her Wide Hips And Round Gropeable Ass Along With Her Hourglass Figure That I Rather Loved So Much About Her And Also I Must Admit That If There Was One Beneficial Aspect Of This Rather Ugly Shirt It Did Give Me Plenty Of Room To Hide My Rather Embarrassingly Large Boner That I Tended To Gain Simply

From Gazing At Roses Ass For More Then Even Moment
Seriously That Blouse Rose Wore Was Nigh Skin Tight And Im
Amazed How She Was Able To Fit In It As That Thing Damn
Near Made Her Look As It Was Painted On And Oh Dear Im
Getting Another Erection Again Damnit

Now Where Was I Oh Yes She And I Were To First Venture
Around The Local Inhabitation Grid Engaging In The Typical
Implied Vandalism It Was All Rather Quant And Laughably
Simple And Part Of Me Even Suspects That Several Of The
Inhabitants Were For Reasons Unknown In On Our Scheme
Perhaps So As To Lull Us Into A False Sense Of Ease By Which
To Then Attack Us When Our Backs Were Turned But Anyway
For The Next Two Chrono Units Of The Latter Half Of The
Dual Dodecaphonic Timescale Of The Solar Day We Ventured
From Human Hive To Hive Demanding More Ransom From
The Occupants

Some Would Gift Us A Paltry Sum Of Candied Goods Only
Granting Rose And I A Trifling Tribune Consisting Of Some
Miniscule Little Packet Of Wrapped Chocolate Ingot Mockingly
Called 'fun Size' But Rose Was Merciful And Accepted The
Insulting Tribune Despite My Own Protests And So We Moved
On And Sought Out Another Target

Others Were More Generous And Gifted Us A Truly Vast
Treasure Of Candy Either Unloading A Vast Sum Of Smaller
Ingots And Bars Or Smaller Amounts Of Yet Larger Bars And
Other Delicious Goods

Some Were In Fact Openly Yet Passively Defiant And Gave Us
Fruits Like Apples All The While Acting As If This Was Some
Great Prize To Hand Us To Which I Then Responded By
Tossing Them Back At Them As I Thought It Was Part Of The
Custom After All Rose And I Did Warn Them That Failure To

Give Us Our Due Would Result In Merciless Retribution But I Think I Might Have Misunderstood The Exact Intricacies And Nuances As Rose Would Always Act Aghast At My Punishments And Grasp My Shoulder And Cause Us To Take Flight Which Was Pleasing In Its Own Way As Her Ass Would Then Jiggle And Bounce As She Ran And That Is Always Something To Be Joyous About

Once She And I Had Finished Our Candied Related Looting And Ransom Perpetrations Rose Then Informed Me That We Would Then Venture To A Local Festival With Other Unaffiliated Cohorts Located In The Towns Juvenile Education Facility And Join Up With Dave John Jade Karkat Meenah Vriska And Others To Partake In Various Seasonal Fun Whatever That Meant Exactly

We Dumped Our Edible Treasure Off At Johns Hive And Then Made Our Way To The 'school' As It Was Called And Entered What Was Referred To As The Gym And Was Greeted To A Loud Assortment Of Garbled Affront To Our Audio Receiver Flaps Called Dubstep And I Swear Whatever Sadist Invented That Foul Audio Fecal Matter Most Surely Deserves Some Kind Of Particularly Terrible Punishment As Ive Never In All My Sweeps Felt More Envious Of The Deaf After Listening To Even A Fraction Of A Second Of That Vile Noise

Anyway The Room Seemed To Be Set Up In Such A Way As To Imply That Some Ritualistic Sacrifice Was Too Commence As Everyone Was Dancing As If Possessed By Daemonic Sprits

The Human Females Were Dressed In Various Provocative Garb While The Males Were Decisively More Silly Looking Also The Human Females Were Gyrating Their Hips And Rears Against The Human Males Groin Regions As If In Some Courtship Ritual At Least That's What Im Assuming Was

Occurring Because Why Else Would Any Sane Individual Troll Human Or Otherwise Willing Subject Themselves To This Affront To The Senses

Also The Room Was Adorned With Various Skulls Body Parts And Other Grisly Artifacts And Also The Food Tasted Terrible But I Suspect That Last Part Was Intentional And Also I Ate A Human Finger That Tasted Peculiarly Of Chocolate Which Is Odd As Everytime Ive Tasted Rose Shes Always Tasted More Metallically And Salty So I Suspect That Perhaps Some Humans Simply Taste Different Or Perhaps Roses Diet Is Affecting The Flavor Of Her Blood Ill Have To Ask Her About That In The Future I Think As It Could Be A Serious Problem

Oh Yes Well This Is Where Things Began To Become Rather Eerotically Inclined So I Hope This Is Saucy Enough As Dave Would At Times Say Though I Dont Know What Sauce Has To Do With Pornography Perhaps Its A Sexual Fetish For Some Humans I Dont Know

Anyway Rose And I Began To Dance To The Beat Of The Music Which Mercifully Changed To Something Less Offensive To The Ears Which I Suspect Was Daves Doing As I Noticed After A Few Songs Of That Horrid Bass The Original Disc Jockey Was Changed To Someone Who Looked Like One Of The Various Associates Dave Tended To Associate With

Now As Ive Mentioned Before Rose Tends To Do Things That Really Rather Flusters Me To Absurd Degrees And Well The Whole Night Beforehand I Had Managed To Control My Rather Temperamental Erection And Well By Now I Was More Or Less Being Pushed To My Limits

Roses Breasts Would Bounce And Her Shapely Hips Would Sway And Boy Was That Blouse She Wore Rather Form Fitting

And Well During One Song She Turned Her Back To Me And
Began To Shake Her Ass And Sway That Most Lovely Thing
Back And Forth And Well Thank Goodness Everyone Else Was
Paying Attention To Other Matters Because Then I Had To
Adjust My Leggings Because Oh Boy Was Roses Ass Gyration
Giving Me One Hell Of A Boner

And Of Course She Would Take Notice And Give Me That Coy
Smile Of Hers Whenever Shed Think Of Something Devious To
Play On Me And Well As I Stood There Awkwardly She Then
Bumped Her Firm Cheeks Back Towards Me And Began To
Grind Herself And Give Me That Playful Look And Also Why
Does That Man Over The Loudspeaker Keep Inquiring What
Love Is Why Does No One Answer Him It Is A Seriously
Pertinent Question

Well Anyway Rose Began To Grind And Bump That Most
Lovely Posterior Of Hers Against My Now Ever Growing
Erection And Damnit I Could Swear She Was Being As Much
Of A Tease As Possible As She Began To Really Get Into Things
Even Going So Far As To Grab My Hands And Place Them On
Her Hips And Well I Must Say That My Crotch Began To Swell
And Damnit I Just Wanted To Dance Stupidly And Look Silly
While I Waited For The Ritual Sacrifice But No Rose Had To
Get Me All Hot And Bothered And I Joined In And Began To
Even Grind My Member Between Those Lovely Cheeks Of Her
All The While Hoping No One Was Any Wiser To Our Physical
Flirtations And Let Me Just Say That Rose Can Certainly Work
That Ass Of Hers

Well Anyway Rose Began To Grind And Bump That Eventually
I Had More Then I Could Take And Right As I Was About To
Burst And Make A Scene For Us I Grabbed Rose By The Wrist
And Dragged Her And I Into The Nearest Waste Disposal Room

Which Some Humans Call A Restroom Also Why Is It Called A Rest Room Even As Far As Bizarre And Obtuse Human Terminology Goes That Is A Stupid Sounding Name For Something

So As I Said We Made For The Restroom And I Pushed Her Into A Lone Unoccupied Stall And After Quickly Checking For Anyone Which Luckily There Was None I Closed The Door Behind Me And Locked It And Immediately Pulled My Turgid Member Free

Rose Got To Her Knees All Excitedly But Then Pushed Me Against One Of The Stall Walls Because In Retrospect This Is Rather Too Small For This Sort Of Thing But I Was Not Exactly Thinking Ahead Here So I Believe I Can Be Forgiven And Well To Be Quite Blunt I Rather Doubt You Yourself Particularly Care About Said Details Beyond Anything Erotic And Pornographic Also Why Are Human Restrooms So Filthy I Have Seen Waste Receptacles For Wildlife More Clean Then This

Oh Yes The Smut Well Anyway I Wont Shy Away From The Details Rose Got To Work And Immediately Began To Stroke My Engorged Member Eagerly Smiling As She Did And Also Rubbing It Against Her Face For Some Reason Why Was She Doing That I Dont Get This

Rose Then Began To Kiss The Head A Bit And Then Began To Gently Suck On The Head Of My Now Stiff Rod And I Desperately Struggled Not To Make A Sound So As Not To Alert Any Potential Visitors But Do You Know How Hard Such A Thing Is Especially When Some Human Female You Are Particularly Fond Of Is Lapping Her Tongue Around The Head And Sucking As Firmly As She Can On The Glans I Mean I Doubt Most Of You Do But I Can Assure You Its Quite Hard

And I Would Give Out Little Whimpers And Moans Which Just Got Rose Ever More Excited

Of Course Someone Had To Enter Eventually And Almost Immediately I Froze Up And Covered My Mouth But Rose Being The Tease She Tends To Be Just Gave Me A Look That Informed Me That She Was Only Going To Embarrass Me More And So She Then Shoved My Entire Penis Into Her Mouth Until I Could Feel Her Uvula Tickle The Head And Well That Caused My Eyes To Roll Back And I Damn Near Gasped And Moaned And Thank Goodness I Had My Vocal Flap Covered Because Rose Then Began To Slowly Bob Her Head Up And Down While Sucking As Hard As She Could And Damnit She Even Began To Moan Softly And While That Was Pleasing To My Audio Receivers And Only Served To Get Me Harder I Was Silently Cursing Her To Be Quiet Lest She Alert Our Unwanted Guest

Rose Continued To Slide Her Lips Up And Down My Shaft Dragging Her Tongue As She Did And Luckily Our Guest Soon Left And After Listening To Ensure We Were Alone Again I Then Grabbed The Back Of Her Head And Slammed Her Back Down And Just Gently Pulled Her Back Upwards And Downwards And Cooed Softly And Began To Buck My Hips Against Her Though I Felt Saddened By Not Warning Rose beforehand But She Seemed Not Upset And In Fact Even Began To Grasp My Own Hips And Just Moaned As I Pushed My Firm Member In And Out Of Her Mouth

I Kept This Up For As Long As I Could Manage And By That I Mean Till I Was Nearly About To Experience Coitus In Case You Were Unaware And Also Because I Did Not Wish To Make A Mess Over Roses Pretty Face So I Pulled Free Causing Rose To Cough And After Whipping Her Lips Dry She Then Turned

Her Her Back To Me And Pulled Her Panties Down And Sure
Enough I Was Correct Earlier She Did In Fact Have Black And
White Stripped Panties

Rose Then Hiked Her Pink Blouse Up And Over Her Creamy
White Ass And I Just Could Not Help But Just Gaze In Awe At
That Most Beautiful Divine Posterior Of Hers Which Is Odd
Because As Aroused As I Was I Would Have Assumed I Would
Have Just Jumped Into Something But I Felt Possessed By A
Strange Desire A Desire To Slap Roses Buttocks

So I Did And So Rose Moaned Even Though I Did Not Actually
Strike Her All That Hard But I Assume She Was Playing Up
The Eroticism Of Things In Order To Further Drive My Lust
Up Anyway I Slapped Her Cheeks A Few More Times And Then
Began To Fondle And Knead Both And Then Gently And Slowly
Brought My Spittle Coated Member To Her Nook And Well Just
Slowly Pushed It Into Her And Savored The Feeling Of Her
Tight Wet Nook Clamping Down On Me Did You Know That
Troll Genitalia Is Indistinguishable From Human Genitalia I
Did Not At First And For Some Reason So Many Humans And
Trolls Seem To Not Either And Come Up With Rather
Elaborate And Simply Bizarre Theories Regarding Each Species
Respective Reproductive Organs Form And Function Especially
Dave I Do Not Even Wish To Discuss The Utterly Absurd Ideas
He Thinks Up

Oh Yes The Smut Apologies I Seemed To Have Gotten Off
Tangent Once More Anyway So I Just Slowly Pushed More Of
Myself Into Rose Spreading Her Wide And Just Savored Every
Moment Of This Rather Pleasurable Feeling And I Must Admit
That Rose Gives Out The Most Palatable Moaning And Other
Assorted Squeals Especially When I Thrust More Strongly
Than Typical And After A Few Particularly More Audible

Commotions She Was Forced To Silence Herself Yet All This Did Was Muffle Her Groans And Well I Was Unconcerned At Being Discovered At This Point So I Let Out Nigh Cacophonous Howl Of Carnal Pleasure As I Continued To Penetrate Her

I Increased My Pace Thrusting Harder Into Her Also I Believe I Heard A Tertiary Amount Of Visitors Come And Go But I Fortunately For Rose And I I Assume They Were Deaf Since No One Interrupted Us As I Began To Rapidly Pound Her

Finally Rose And I Reached Orgasm And Shamefully I Had Come Unprepared By Not Bringing A Filial Pail And So Simply Used Roses Nook As A Substitute And Soon Thick Ropes Of Durian Colored Genetic Material Pooled And Spurted Free From Her Causing Rose To Let Out A Heady Moan And Also Cause Her Legs To Shudder

I Pulled Free From Her And After My Large Member Became Limp Rose And I Cleaned Each Other And Then We Returned To The Festivities But Curiously Everyone Seemed To Be Rather Engrossed In The Two Of Us And So Rose Dragged Us Both From The Event Which Is Melancholic To Me As I Had Yet To Know Of Who Was To Be Sacrificed And That Is My Attempt At Autobiographical Erotic Anecdote I Greatly Hope You Enjoyed It

The End



Red Velvet, Black Velvet

Latia

Rose Lalonde is not familiar with adults. Her mother only invites friends for "tea" on occasion, and they all might as well be the same woman. They form a blurred parade in her mind, a never ending procession of socialites toeing the line of middle-age. She sees their different outfits, different press-dried hairstyles, but always, always that same copy-pasted smile fresh from the school of passive aggressive knocks. Oh, what a charming dress, I remember having one like that as a little girl. Oh, you're still writing your little stories? Good for you, it's good to spread out of those dark little horror books you always read. Little, little, little- always the operative word.

Mr. Egbert is different. For one thing he is, as his name may suggest, a man. Her experience with older men is almost non-existent, and from her point of view they might as well be a different species from her entirely: silent, rugged beasts stalking jungles of business suits and automobiles. He does indeed own both, but he doesn't seem dominated by them. He doesn't seem dominated by any particular thing, except perhaps his extensive collection of harlequins.

That's what he's showing her right now, as she offers polite nods and John pulls faces by her side. Another person might have not believed that so many figurines, paintings, and statues could be composed based around one subject-but all she can think of is her mother and her silly wizards. Well, alright, that's one similarity.

But he's something different entirely from her mother.

She picks it up when he compliments her dress—a modified version of her old black velvet ensemble, with a white bib collar. She casually mentions she's fixed it up herself, opening herself

to about a dozen snarky comments her mother could have come up—and all he says is "you knit?" Before she knows it, she's talk animatedly about John's gift and her assorted modified outfits.

By the time dinner rolls around John sarcastically mentions how he should bring his dad for their next date so he can ask her how she's doing, and she blushes. Stupid. How long had she been rambling? Stupid, foolish...and yet, Mr. Egbert had been nothing but polite about her trusting openness. Polite, bringing up her hobbies in order to let her talk as much as she wanted, and not a snarky comment to be found.

In short, he had been kind.

(suspicious)

They sit at the table, the meal laid out in front of them sumptuous—but suspiciously sweet-free. She has an amusing mental image of John standing behind him in the kitchen like a stern teacher trying to catch an unruly pupil cheating. And that's when the questions roll out, all the tried and true inquiries she's run into dozens of times: what does she want to do when she's older (preferably something in psychology), how she's doing in school (almost depressingly well), and so on, and so on. On the surface she gives polite answers, in her mind she dissects his words from every angle.

And nothing.

No ulterior motive, no silent adult in-jokes, no sarcasm. His questions sound hand-picked from a parenting magazine, but apart from their blandness they're well intentioned. He doesn't prod her one-syllable answers for more information, doesn't push—although, since John is more than eager to fill in her blanks, ("psh, older nothing. She's already giving the teachers advice!") perhaps it's unnecessary.

In short, he had been understanding.

(suspicious)

And when dinner is over and the three sit on the couch lazily listening to the news, John asks him if they can go to his room so he can show her the video game Dave sent him. Rose's ears perk at this, for she has a feeling that this isn't the only game he wants to play—after all, the younger Egbert had been paying more attention to her dress than his father had. And without raising an eyebrow he nods, letting two teenagers just barely finding their hormones stay in a room. Alone. Far from his eyes or ears.

In short, he had been trustworthy.

(very suspicious)

Rose Lalonde is not stupid. She knows what to do with unfamiliar data: analyze. And before the pair reaches the top of the stairwell, she reaches her conclusion:

it's a trap.

"Wait, what?" John turns away from the searing graphics on the computer screen to look at her. "He's doing what now?"

Rose sighs, smoothing her skirt primly. "It's very simple John. Although I would hate to imply that your guardian would have sinister motives, the facts are that it's impossible for someone of that age to be so shamelessly kind to a teenager. Your father is very obviously trying to get me to lower my defenses, in order to perform a symbolic dissection of sorts—he wants to see if this frog is suitable for the son he is so proud of."

John's mouth twitches—he seems conflicted between smiling and frowning. "Rose." And his voice comes out so solemn she almost laughs. "You are not a frog."

"...That is so far from the point it's helping Dave render JPEG artifacts in Houston. Speaking of which," Rose squints at the wild mishmash of colors on his screen. "What on Earth is this game, anyways? The music could be used to kill a small dog."

"Oh, I dunno, some conksuck indie thing. Whatever it is, I'm probably losing." He frowns. "Aw crap, I think I caught on fire! Or maybe I'm being eaten by a bunch of red pygmies."

Resetting the game, he leaves his hand tapping thoughtfully on the desk. "But seriously Rose, I think you're overthinking things. Dad seems to really like you! And even if he does have sucky taste in decoration and is a mindless slave to the Crocker crone, he's not that bad a guy."

"While that may be true..."

"Yeah?"

She blows her pale bangs. "It just seems unnatural...I mean, I suppose I understand being polite, but...why nice? Why nice to me?"

John rolls his eyes. "Oh, I dunno Rose, maybe it's cause for all your doom and gloom you're a nice person? A GOOD person? Maybe it's cause you're smart and polite and interesting and those are usually GOOD things?"

He pauses, she blinks. For a moment the two hover in a somewhat shy silence, until he turns to her with a kind (if sheepish) grin. "Maybe you just deserve better than you think you do."

Rose's face may be impassive, but she can feel heat rising in her cheeks. "...flattery aside, John, I'm waiting for when the other shoe drops. I am missing something." John simply sighs and shakes his head, turning back to the computer.

Rose shifts in her rolling chair, bare feet swishing gently at the floor. Could he be right? Could it be possible that a parent could be so supportive and sincere? And if that was the case...well, where could she get one?

She sighs, laying her cheek in her palm. Maybe she did misread him. She hated to think she was losing her touch, but tonight both Egberts had surprised her. The elder had proven himself to being an upfront, non-passive aggressive (!), caring parent. And John...well, it turned out John really had wanted to show her a laughably awful game. Strangely enough, she was finding herself more disappointed in that than her failed psychoanalysis.

"Hey." The voice pulls her from her thoughts. "Besides him being...like, nice and everything, what is it that makes you so suspicious?"

"Too trusting," she says immediately.

"Huh?" He talks without taking his eyes from the screen. Somehow he's gotten the hang of the game. "How?"

She gives her eyes a slight roll. "Well, the fact that we're here right now. Mother wouldn't have...actually, no, she would have let us be in my room alone, but she also would be popping by every five minutes. Dropping off sarcastic little cookies, smiling that condescending little smile..." Oh dear, and now she has a case of the littles. "But then there's your father. I'm willing to wager that if you were to march downstairs and request I spend the night, he would give you nothing but a single, masculine tear and the old family heirloom."

"The Colonel Sassacre book?"

"A condom."

John's shoulders jolt, and his character dies nosily in an explosion of Technicolor gore. The game forgotten, he inclines his face very, very slightly towards her. "I...don't follow." He's blushing.

Rose leans back in her chair, eyes on the ceiling. "Well, John. Usually, one has his reasons for inviting a lady to his room, and typically those reasons, even those not involving contraception, are not to try and make each other's eyes bleed via 'conksuck' gamery."

Seconds pass in silence, and Rose begins to worry that's she's insulted him. But when she brings her gaze back to meet his, she is surprised to find a very shrewd expression on the boy's face.

The screen is black.

"Well, Rose." He slides his chair close to hers, the definition of suave. "Usually, one doesn't go being all passive-aggressive towards their awesome boyfriends. But," he leans close, voice going faux-baritone. "For you, I'm willing to overlook sUUDAUGH-."

THUD.

Apparently his swag has been too much, for John's face meets the floor, the movement simultaneously sending Rose's chair wheeling backwards. "John?" She leaps up. "Are you alright?"

"Y-yeah." He picks up his head with a sheepish grin, and Rose leans down to help him to his feet. "I'm fine, I was just...kinda maybe trying to do something I saw in a movie once."

"...Ah. Color me shocked."

John pouts, but before he can respond she gives him a gentle kiss on the mouth. "I appreciate the gesture, if not the originality." Rose pulls back a bit, pressing her forehead to his and looking into his eyes. "Let's forgo the rising action for the moment, shall we?"

Too dazed to reply out loud, he simply nods with a goofy grin.

They drift to the bed. For a moment they can only look at each other with somewhat nervous smiles, only to break the silence with a simultaneous chuckle. Surprisingly it's John who takes the initiative, leaning in with a quick kiss, as if he might lose the nerve at any moment. Rose's hands go up in surprise, only to find their place on his cheeks.

She loses herself in the haze of the kiss for a moment, closing her eyes as her mind goes blissfully blank. The contours of his mouths are slowly becoming familiar to her, lips, teeth...tongue, that's certainly new. Her fingers move to tousle messy black hair, making a pleased noise rumble from his throat. John leans in further, so far that they tumble backwards onto the bed.

He pulls back a moment to look down at her, almost as if in shock, almost as if just realizing 'oh yeah, you are my girlfriend and not some amazing dream.' Slowly he grins, almost sultry, and tilts his head to gaze at her over his glasses. "Wow," he says in his best Bruce Willis drawl. "I'd ask you for a light, but looks like you've already lit my fire."

She...stares at him, eyelids lowered.

"No no, wait," he flusters, "...okay, well you're definitely the Seer of Light because you've seared my..." Stare. "Wait, no, because you've lit..." Stare. "No, 'cause...cause...h-hey, quit laughing!" He sputters indignantly, seeing her shaking

shoulders. A blush blooms in his cheeks as the chuckles bubble out of her lips. "This is my best material here!"

"My word." Rose manages to put a staunch on her laughter with a near-perfect smirk. "To what do I owe such an honor?" She claps a hand to her mouth in faux-awe. "How many hearts have your words broken? How many starving children run to the streets to offer their starving backs as your soapbox? Why, John, I am....truly, truly touched."

"Oh, HA, Rose. All of my HAs." He rolls his eyes with comic exaggeration. She smiles, suddenly sitting up so that their eyes are level. With a pointer finger she closes his jaw mid-retort.

"I'm already your girlfriend, John. I would say that pickup lines are fairly redundant at this point."

"They're not pickup lines, they're just...!" John's eyes dip. "Just...lines. I dunno, it just feels like I should say something. I just want ...oh jeez, this is so corny and you will make fun of me for the rest of our lives." The blush in his cheeks darkens, even touching his ears. "I want to make you as happy as you make me."

Her mouth opens but no words come. For a moment she can do nothing but blink. "I..." Oh lord, and now she's blushing.

"Well...I would assure you that you're doing a fairly spectacular job, but I have severe doubts that I could make you as happy as you do for me. As you just did."

"A-ha!" He beams with triumph. "So it did work!"

Rose sighs, giving her head a little shake. "So it did. You win this round, Egbert." Despite herself she smiles. "Claim your reward."

And he does, leaning in so they sit against the headboard. As they kiss one of her hands meets his to lace their fingers together—because the sappiness levels of this night weren't high enough, oh no. She sighs in her head, half in exasperation, half in happiness. He really was corrupting her.

Minutes pass in content silence. After a time John takes his hand from hers, moving it to place it on her upper arm. The fingers twitch a little there, feeling the soft black material of her sleeve, and slowly his hand scoots to her shoulder, just barely touching. Then lower...lower...

Her eyes snap open in surprise, and he suddenly pulls back, shamefaced. "S-sorry! Is that not-? Oh geez, I'm sorry, that was total-!"

His voice trails away when she guides his hand back to the curve of her chest. A moment of startled blinking later he gets it, and his face lights up. He moves back in eagerly.

Things become slow and warm. His kisses become slow, almost dreamy, his hand giving gentle rubs. Rose shivers, bringing her own hand back to tangle his black hair. She opens her eyes slowly, wanting to take a moment to gaze intOH MY GOD MR. EGBERT.

For what feels like an eternity he simply stands there, his head just emerging from behind the door. Rose freezes like a rabbit in the eyes of a wolf, her mouth going stiff against John's. And the boy goes on obliviously, kissing and feeling her right under the gaze of his dad. At another time, another place, Rose would have been practically bouncing in her seat at the opportunity to analyze the situation: the unwilling heir, disdainful of the loving father, taking his lady right under the enemy's eyes, a beautifully, nearly Oedipal puzzle...

And yet, somehow, she cannot summon the excitement.

Seconds stretch into hours. Rose's eyes feel as wide as dinner plates, her mouth attempting to form thoughts without a lick of success. Mr. Egbert simply stares. And stares. His face is totally impassive—he might as well not have eyes or a mouth for how much emotion Rose can pick up from him. And finally...time seems to fall back into place, and he steps back. The door clicks shut without a sound.

"...Rose?" John pulls back from her with a frown of concern. "Are you alright?"

"..." She blinks, as if coming out of a trance. "I...sorry?"

"You stopped all of a sudden...and you look really pale!" He bites his lip anxiously. "Are you feeling okay?"

"No...I mean, no, I feel fine." If "fine" meant "seized up in mortification, eyes still stuck in a saucer-sized stare." She shakes her head. "I'm just..."

"Did I...like, come on too strong or something?" he stutters, bowing his head in a flustered way. "I'm sorry! I just thought you were liking it, a-and, if you didn't I'm really-!"

Oh god, why did he have to be so sincere? "No, no, please don't apologize, it's not your fault, I..."

"What?"

"...may I lie down for a moment?"

...

The moment apparently lasted longer than she had intended, for by the time Rose awakens the sun has disappeared. Thoughts untangling themselves from the snarls of sleep, she

blinks groggily at the darkness. Gradually she comes to an understanding of the situation: this is not her room. She is still at John's house, specifically, in his room, specifically, in his bed—specifically, in his arms. He holds her close under the sheets, his cheek against hers, chest falling down and up in gentle breathes. Realization washes over Rose slowly, synching up well with the deepening color of her face, and she quickly sits up-

-or makes an attempt to, for as she tries to pull away from John he shifts in his sleep, tightening his hold on her. For a moment she just lies there as he clings to her, nuzzling her temple.

She sighs. "John."

"mmnghf..."

Rose turns her head to him and taps his forehead with her own. "John..."

With a slight snort he stirs, blinking dully behind his glasses. "Uh...oh..." It takes him a moment to register the girl in front of him. "...oh." After a moment of surprised (if pleased) silence, he gives a slightly drowsy grin. "Eheh...good morning, I guess."

She ducks her head a bit, concealing most of her face under the sheets. "...evening, you mean. I...I'm assuming I fell asleep?"

"Yeah, you kinda did." He chuckles as he straightens his glasses. "It was actually pretty cute...I might have maybe been watching you ...

And she's suddenly thankful for the cover of darkness. "Ugh." She buries her face under the blanket. "You are so—tell me, why are you so insistent in converting me into such a saccharine dope? You're sweet enough for the both of us."

He laughs. "Aw! Well, believe it or not, you're sweeter than you thi..."

Rose frowns, peeking out to find John frozen with a look of vague horror.

"Sweet..."

"J...John? Is everything alright?"

"The smell." His eyes bulge with horror. "Oh no. OH NO. Oh god, I told him, I TOLD him not to-!" In the space of a second he's untangled himself from the sheets and is on the floor, running out the door. "Daaaah, dammit Dad-!"

She's left utterly perplexed on the bed. Rose straightens up, and after a moment she can hear the sounds of an argument downstairs. Curiously, she picks herself off the bed and walks to the door... to be immediately hit by a powerful, sweet scent.

The scent of baked goods.

...

In the kitchen she finds John gesticulating furiously at his father, his words mangled by utter disbelief. But even with his sputtered angrish, its clear what the source of his annoyance is—the enormous, decadently-frosted cake that stands tall and magnificent on the kitchen table. Mr. Egbert's face is oddly complacent, as if he's used to John's impudence about baked goods. He simply goes about the kitchen, cleaning up various utensils and ingredients all while John goes on with his rant of oh my god you said you weren't and I can't believe you did this when she was still in the house she is going to see this and she will think we're a family of weirdass baking friars or something and AGAIN with the cake what IS it with you and CAKE MAN it's like-

"Excuse me."

The two look up at her. Rose shifts her weight from one foot to the other. "Is...is that red velvet?"

Mr. Egbert smiles.

...

"You know, aside from the color, this is quite good."

"Mmph."

"Did you know red velvet isn't actually a flavor? It's actually just chocolate cake with copious amounts of food dye."

"Suuuper."

Rose smiles, nibbling the bite of cake as she looks over at the table. She's impressed—all this time she had been fearing that John's father was...well, not foolish, but someone too simple or sincere to conspire against their child. Thankfully, her initial theories had been proven correct—for all his kindness, Mr. Egbert was still an adult.

And she has to admit, she's impressed. Even her mother, with all her little antics and displays, had never been able to come up with something like this. And as Rose's eyes skim the frosted message across the cake's top—

(SON – CONGRATULATIONS
ON THE COPPING OF YOUR FIRST FEEL
I AM
SO PROUD OF YOU)

-she can't help but give a shiver of awe. She truly is dealing with a pro.



[–] **Anonymous** 02/13/15 (Fri) 22:17:48 No.88888 >>88892
>>88893 >>88894 >>88895 >>88896 >>88897 >>88898 >>88900
>>88901 >>88902 >>88910 >>88929

File ([hide](#)): [1423894668282.gif](#) (3.03 KB, 190x133, 10:7, [roxykup.gif](#))



get get get get!
get!!!
paws at things randomly

Anonymous 05/03/14(Sat)12:13:47 No.61450068 ► [>>61450162](#)
File: [roxykitten lay down sad.png](#) (3 KB, 133x160)



>>61449936
>>61449966 (You)
>>61449977
>>61450032
mew... *flops*

Anonymous 05/03/14(Sat)12:18:23 No.61450162 ► [>>61450196](#) [>>61450198](#)
File: [1399133627119.png](#) (4 KB, 337x160)



[>>61450068](#)

Anonymous 05/03/14(Sat)12:18:45 No.61450167 ►

Anonymous 05/03/14(Sat)12:19:55 No.61450192 ►

Anonymous 05/03/14(Sat)12:20:10 No.61450196 ►

Anonymous 05/03/14(Sat)12:20:15 No.61450198 ►
File: [roguesykitten sad.png](#) (6 KB, 147x238)

[>>61450162](#)
[>>61450167](#)





Drones

Anonymous

> oh jeez someone had a great pitch for one. basically nektan and sports nervously fucking cause the imperial drone's a knockin and they'll be culled if they dont supply genetic material

Anonymous Wed 19 Sep 2012 18:43:54

Seriously this pushes all my power fantasy buttons

Just a couple sixteen year olds who've only ever been friends desperately fucking because they hear the drones are in town

Not even sure how it works and don't know how to do the two different kinds of sex, he can't seem to get it hard because of course they're panicking so she's trying to do something sexy but she's so self-consciously *unsexy* and finally just grabs his arm (a little too hard) and shoves it onto her breasts, hoping that'll get him started

The feeble cum they scrape into a bucket just before the drone rounds on their door, their desperate false confidence as they hand the drone the slurry, biting their lips and sweating as it scans the contents, long seconds crawling past

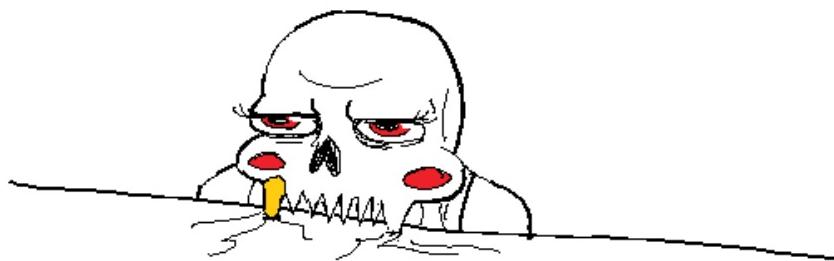
Finally it turns around and without a word starts off toward the next hive, where they can already hear screaming and see blood flowing into the street

That night they stay on the ground, curled in a tight embrace,

shaking the whole time, not sleeping a wink, not able to talk to each other or look at each other

They never talk about it but they're simply bound now, two repressed trauma victims, unable to maintain a healthy relationship with anyone else, unable to touch each other without reliving that terror-filled day

God I'm so hard





You are banned! ;_;

You were issued a warning on /co/ with the following message:

RAILS DON'T PAIL YEEEEAAAAARRRRRGHHHHHHHHH

Your warning was issued on December 25th, 2012. The name you were posting with was **Anonymous**. In addition to heeding this warning, please look over the [rules](#) and [FAQ](#).

Now that you have seen this message, you should be able to post again. Click [here](#) to return.



> **Anonymous** 03/30/13(Sat)21:52 No.47874089 Replies: >>47874132
>>47874159 >>47874160 >>47874218 >>47874276 >>47874289 >>47874291 >>47874312
>>47874317 >>47874321 >>47874331 >>47874332 >>47874333 >>47874336 >>47874339
>>47874357 >>47874383 >>47874414 >>47874423 >>47874427 >>47874464 >>47874468
>>47874470 >>47874485 >>47874501 >>47874506 >>47874518 >>47874519 >>47874532
>>47874546

[>>47874034](#)

He's just a fake mayor of a fake town

(USER WAS WARNED FOR THIS POST)



>John "i am not a homosexual." Egbert
>John "Smear The Queer" Egbert
>John "Flay the Gay" Egbert
>John "LGBTFO" Egbert
>John "Pulse Stopper" Egbert
>John "No Mo' Homo" Egbert
>John "Pike the dyke" Egbert
>John "Fear of the queer" Egbert
>John "Pray the Gay away" Egbert
>John "Flay The Gay Away" Egbert
>John "Gay guy gonna die" Egbert
>John "homosex youre next" Egbert
>John "Cocksucker Crusher" Egbert
>John "Dykes on Spikes" Egbert
>John "Zyk-B for Dykies" Egbert
>John "Flamer Maimer" Egbert
>John "Maim The Flame" Egbert
>John "Frag the Fag" Egbert
>John "Fag Filleter" Egbert
>John "Bender Render" Egbert
>John "Closet Cleanser" Egbert
>John "Bury the Fairy" Egbert
>John "Fruits to Juice" Egbert
>John "Poofter Punisher" Egbert
>John "Asslicker Kicker" Egbert
>John "Faggots for Maggots" Egbert
>John "slay a Gay, Every Day" Egbert
>John "show pride, get fried" Egbert
>John "Feed Faggots to Maggots" Egbert.
>John "Black Eyes for Gay Guys" Egbert
>John "Steer Clear of the queer" Egbert
>John "Carpet-Muncher Puncher" Egbert
>John "No Queers 'round Here" Egbert
>John "Putting fags in bodybags" Egbert
>John "mtf? Here comes death" Egbert
>John "Trans rights? Fist fights" Egbert
>John "He's a queen? Guillotine" Egbert
>John "Fancy Hair, electric chair" Egbert
>John "Unload a Mag in a Fag" Egbert
>John "Kill a Queer Every Year" Egbert
>John "Putting fags in bodybags" Egbert
>John "rainbows to painbows" Egbert
>John "50 dead then off to bed" Egbert
>John "Man with a purse? Call a hearse" Egbert
>John "sexually diverse get in the hearse" Egbert
>John "lethal injections for gay erections" Egbert
>John "Making Beer From The Blood Of Queers" Egbert
>John "A Beating a Day Keeps the Faggots Away" Egbert
>John "Smash, Pound, Put the Fags in the Ground" Egbert
>John "Not particularly fond of homosexuals" Egbert



Jade "My womb or the tomb" Harley
Jade "Breed me or bleed out" Harley
Jade "Put a baby in me or I put a bullet in you" Harley
Jade "Babydaddy or Verydeadly" Harley
Jade "Finish inside or your insides are finished" Harley
Jade "Make me a mother or I make you a corpse" Harley
Jade "New dad or newly dead" Harley
Jade "Impregnation or evisceration" Harley
Jade "Pull out your dick I pull out your heart" Harley
Jade "Creampie or deadguy" Harley
Jade "In nine months you'll be a parent or wormfood" Harley
Jade "Fill or kill" Harley
Jade "Impregnation or Decapitation" Harley
Jade "Inseminate or I'll Castrate" Harley
Jade "Come on My Chest, Get Eternal Rest" Harley
Jade "Come on My Face, Death to your Race" Harley
Jade "Satisfy her heat or say goodbye to your meat" Harley
Jade "Cross on the test or in peace you'll rest" Harley



wwalks in

hey it's me

eri

>> **Anonymous** 05/25/11(Wed)06:19 No.26240150 
File [1306318789.png](#)-(7 KB, 386x308, 1305833079851.png)



>mfw Jaspersprite never
shows up in the story again

>> **Anonymous** 05/25/11(Wed)06:20 No.26240156 
File [1306318829.png](#)-(66 KB, 357x358, 1292026580913.png)



[>>26240150](#)

>> **Anonymous** 05/25/11(Wed)06:21 No.26240167 
File [1306318864.png](#)-(9 KB, 500x500, 1305764508534.png)

[>>26240156](#)





at least our prince got a happy ending









foolish_fucker karl lagerfeld

@andrewhussie youve basically made it so i
can never attend another anime con without
wanting to die. thanks a lot asshole.

14 minutes ago

in reply to ↑



@andrewhussie

andrewhussie

@foolish_fucker ruining anime
cons for everyone was a lifetime
goal i never thought i could hope
to achieve. and yet here we are.

1 minute ago via web

☆ Favorite ↗ Retweet ↙ Reply



HOMESTUCK GENERAL

Threat Level System

ROASTED IS POSTING

ABSCOND

UNIRONIC GENDER DISCUSSION

GET THE FUCK OUT WHILE YOU STILL CAN

INTRICATE DISCUSSION OF URINAL TRACTS

YEAH IM PRETTY SURE THIS STILL ISN'T OKAY GUYS

STORMS' A BREWING

this is going to get worse before it gets better

SHITPOSTING

You might actually leave to get some work done.

I AM MOTHERFUCKIN ROYALTY

A little amusing. Maybe you'll stick around.

Completely Normal.

You could have sworn they were just discussing exactly how fat Vriska was just now.

CIVILIZED FUCKING DISCUSSION

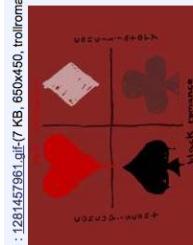
MUSIC AND ART TEAM COME TO HANG OUT

no one even died this time

CONTENT ACTUALLY CREATED

DEMOCRACY

WHAT HSG?



File : 1281457961.gif(7 KB, 650x450, trollromance.gif)

2% Anonymous 08/10/10(Tue)12:32 No.19287172

NO ONE CARES, HUSSIE. THIS IS BULLSHIT. ADVANCE THE PLOT ALREADY.
...
>> Anonymous 08/10/10(Tue)12:35 No.19287204

AGREE'D. FUCK DAT DRAMA.
>> Anonymous 08/10/10(Tue)12:35 No.19287209

>>19287172

I think I speak for everyone when I say

Stop getting mad at video games.

Anonymous 08/10/10(Tue)12:35 No.19287213

I quit. I'm not reading that shit anymore. The fact that the forum made up this whole song and dance of how "OH THEY CLOSE THE SUGGESTION BOX SO HE CAN SPEND HIS TIME BETTER" and "BLAH BLAH TROLL ROMANCE IS GOOD READ IT'S A GOOD BREAK FROM THE KIDS BLAH", and then apparently he "spends his time better" writing a fair ugly paragraph of how SIDE CHARACTERS HAVE A FUCKING RELATIONSHIP? IT'S TURNING INTO CTRL-ALT-DEL FUCK

Anonymous 08/10/10(Tue)12:36 No.19287220

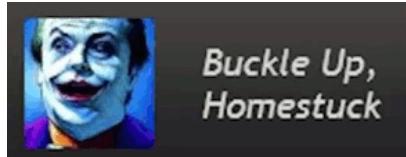
So. Is Hussie just bad right now because of Belieberuse, because he's pandering to the forums, because he's flat-out lost his touch, or because he's literally making shitty comics to troll everyone?

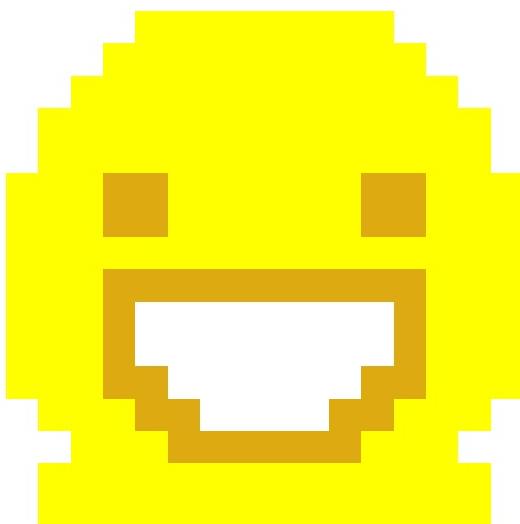
what if one day you woke up and your nipples were completely gone like no scars or anything just flat skin and then once you leave your room you find out your dad died last night and several days later you find out that for your entire life he had been sneaking into your room while you slept and sucking on your chest to make two gigantic hickeys where your nipples should be because you were born without them not for any sexual reason just so you would fit in

god bless you dad



=> Go to the 4ums





update!

... and then we were exiled ...

< https://boards.4chan.org/co/thread/ ▾ C

>> **Anonymous** 06/27/14(Fri)13:02:27 No.63103680 ►
Surrender Yourself To Kanaya

>> **Anonymous ## Mod** 06/27/14(Fri)13:02:42 No.63103689 ►
At this point, we are no longer allowing Homestuck General threads. They've long since become echo chambers for off-topic discussion and are a detriment to the board as a whole. Please do not create any more homestuck generals. Thank you.

[Return] [Catalog] [Top] [Update] [Auto] 2 Closed / 208 / 42 / 3



and MSPA Forums got hacked, with no backups

not-terezi-pyrope asked:



Hey, I don't suppose you could elaborate at all on anything you might know re: mspaf? Apparently you said that they are "daoots"? That's really worrying. The community doesn't know what to think, and there have been no official announcements or even any acknowledgement that something has changed. It's like the plug has just been pulled, and I think people feel a little snubbed by WP really. I know you're probably not involved but you seem to be the only person close to WP communicating atm.

theyre gone

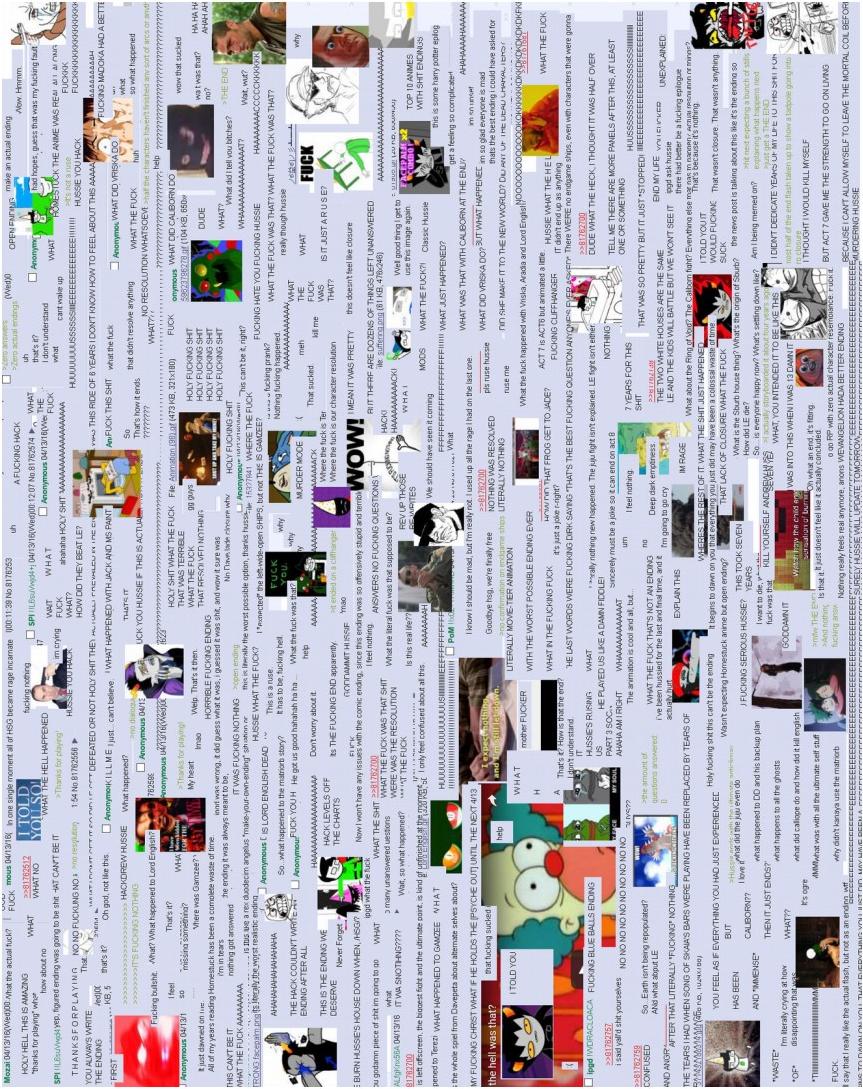


... but just before the end

MARCH 28, 2016



and [S]Collide and Act 7 landed.



I DON'T KNOW WHO THE FUCK YOU ARE BUT I KNOW THE TYPE OF PERSON YOU ARE YOU'RE LIKE STEPHEN KING. WHEN I READ THE ENDING TO THE DARK TOWER, IT WAS LITERALLY

>LOL HE ENTERED THE TOWER SHOUTING PEOPLE'S NAMES

AND THEN HE HAS THE AUDACITY TO BERATE YOU FOR WANTING A SATISFYING CONCLUSION AND WANTING TO KNOW WHAT WAS SO IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING INSIDE. FUCKING BELITTLED YOU FOR HAVING CURIOSITY AND SPOUTING SOME BULLSHIT ABOUT HOW >THE JOURNEY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DESTINATION

WELL GUESS WHAT?!

YOU'RE FUCKING WRONG AND EVERYONE WHO THINKS LIKE THAT IS WRONG! THE POINT OF A JOURNEY IS TO GET TO A DESTINATION YOU WANTED BECAUSE THEN YOU WOULDN'T UNDERTAKE THE JOURNEY IN THE FIRST PLACE!

IF I FOLLOWED THAT LOGIC THEN MY GRANDFATHER WOULD'VE DIED MUCH EARLIER BECAUSE I WOULD'VE GONE FOR HIS INSULIN BUT INSTEAD OF GETTING TO THE PHARMACY, I WOULD'VE MET INTERESTING PEOPLE, AND HAD TEENAGE DRAMA PROBLEMS AND MAYBE GOT INTO A FIGHT, AND NEVER MADE IT TO MY DESTINATION, AND COME BACK A WISER MAN.

BUT GUESS WHAT?!

MY FUCKING GRANDFATHER WOULD'VE BEEN STILL DEAD BECAUSE I NEVER MADE IT TO MY FUCKING DESTINATION!

SO YES, I AM COMPARING THIS SHIT TO MY GRANDFATHER DYING BECAUSE IT'S METAPHORICALLY THE SAME THING. AND YOU'RE A PIECE OF SHIT IF YOU SUPPORT THIS.

The only thing. THE ONLY FUCKING THING that makes this all better is that I only joined the bandwagon a month ago. If I had invested more time in this, I would've felt bad. Now, NOW I can just go on with my life. But I feel so bad for other people, who ARE actually invested in this.

SON OF A MOTHERFUCKING FUCK I AM STILL FURIOUS!



Act 7

>>85474964
Kanaya is best cuckquean

>>85475141
>That time Rose found Jane and Kanaya going at it in the tub



>>85479116
Jake would outdo her in a competitive environment; his legs are objectively more toned.



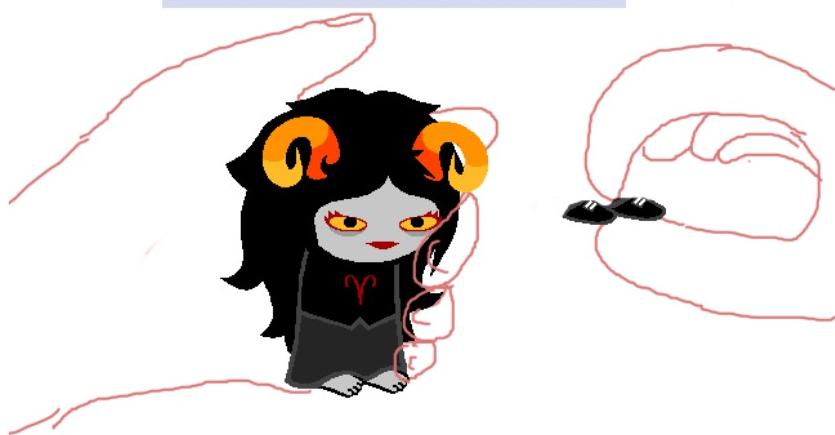
>>85476233

>>85476178

You think Jade just lords her pregnancy over Karkat all the time, just being near him and constantly talking about how excited Dave is to be a dad and how much he loves her?



Do you think Aradia would be upset if I came in her shoes...



■ Anonymous 08/25/13(Sun)01:49 UTC-4 No.53386657
File: 1377409758372.gif(880 KB, 500x450, IT'S TIME.gif) G I



>>53386605

ARADIA NO FORCING ME TO CUM INSIDE OF YOU IS NOT THE ANSWER

THE FIRST TIME
I GOT
A
BOY
I THOUGHT
IT WAS A
DISEASE
AND I CRIED
ALL DAY

Homestuck General



>> Anonymous 08/22/12(Wed)19:33 No.40045938

i wa nt

a FUCKIN

fcuk

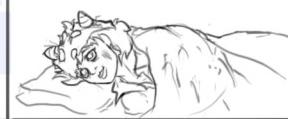
UPDAtE



Anonymous 08/22/12 (Wed) 19:22 No 40045690
File: 1345677755410.gif (62 KB, 650x450, 1307860278799.gif)

I swear to GOD, HSG. If there is no update by TOMORROW I am going to FUCKING KILL YOU ALL.

>> **Attention Whore** 08/22/12(Wed)18:40 No. 4004429
Good night, HSG.
I will dream of Updates



>> Anonymous 08/22/12(Wed)19:36 No.40046026
Porn dump?

>> Anonymous 08/22/12(Wed)19:36 No.40046028
Ugh you guys, but I'd sacrifice you all for an update. No offence.

> **Anonymous** 08/22/12(Wed)19:35 No. 40045999
>>40045938
Do you see what you have done to us, Hussie?
Do you see what your wanton hiatusing has wrought?



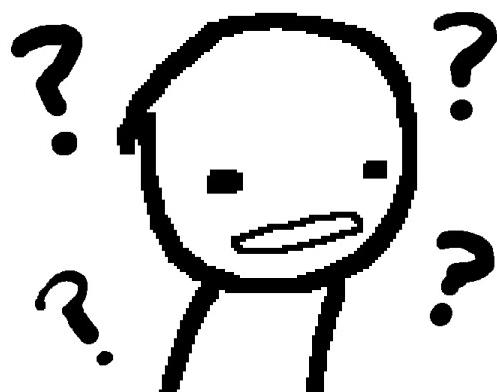
>> Anonymous 08/22/12(Wed)19:37 No.40046077
help.



>> **Anonymous** 08/22/12(Wed)19:49 No.40046490
>>40046380
HSG,
HSG never changes.



what did she mean by this?



□ Liveblogger 05/23/16(Mon)22:59:21 No.83090134 ▶ >83090146 >83090151 >83090156 >83090168 >83090175 >83090176 >83090184 >83090194
File: 06091.gif (12 KB, 650x450)



>>83090070
Fuck off

□ Liveblogger 05/23/16(Mon)22:59:52 No.83090146 ▶ >83090158 >83090175 >83090176 >83090184 >83090200 >83090258
File: 06097.gif (11 KB, 650x650)

>>83090134
FUCK OFF



□ Liveblogger 05/23/16(Mon)23:03:12 No.83090258 ▶ >83090274 >83090298 >83090304 >83090308 >83090310 >83090316 >83090325 >83090329
File: 1460521209475.jpg (47 KB, 621x502)

>>83090146



THIS IS WHAT I WAS WAITING FOR
THIS IS WHAT COMPLETELY RUINED ANY SENSE OF IMMERSION IN EVERY FUCKING PAGE ITS BEEN IN
A FUCKING MCGUFFIN AFTER VRISKA THROWS A TEARER TANTUM ARE YOU SHITTING ME
ITS LITERALLY JUST JOHN STICKING HIS ARMS IN THE PLOT
LITERAL ACTUAL PILOT HOLES
I AM SO FUCKING MAD RIGHT NOW
WHAT WAS THE FUCKING POINT



Why Dont You Have A Girlfriend Yet HSG

Homestuck took a long time, even without hiatuses, and not all of us made it to the end.

Anonymous - 06/01/13(Sat)00:00 UTC-4 No.50206916

I was going to make a really big, lengthy post about life and shit, but I'm sure you guys are in the middle of a riveting discussion about John's nipples or something. So I just wanted to say that I'm genuinely going to miss you guys, if 'missing' people is even a concept when you're dead. I've been here since a little before horrorstuck, and before the diagnosis I expected to be here (against my will) until Homestuck: The Game. Unfortunately, I won't be able to find out how Homestuck ends, nor will I be able to play the game with you guys. Sure, there are some of you who are annoying shits, but that's what makes these threads so endearing.

I don't have much else to say. I love you guys, and I don't want to leave. If I could take a laptop with me, I would, but the best I can do is reference you guys in my note or something.

Happy 21st birthday to me. Bye, Homestuck General.

I love you all more than you may ever know, even though I'm just some nameless, faceless drone in a constant storm of stupidity and the occasional amusing post, just like the rest of you. You really made Homestuck more than just a comic for me.



/HSG/ANON

1992-2013

wwalks into heavven

You'll always have Homestuck HIVESWAP GENERAL



In the HSG thread
there was a "grab2 diick2"
And an "UPDATE SOON"
And a picture of--
eridan on the pink moon's moon
and there were three little posts, talking bout ghosts
and two little anons discussing their fanons
and some circlejerking and some people lurking
and a shrek and homestuck and all of the luck
and a saged old post that was whispering "fuck"
Goodnight thread
Shai Hulud Dune
goodnight summer fun eri on the pink moon's moon
goodnight diick2, and "UPDATE SOON"
goodnight farts and goodnight sharks
goodnight anons goodnight fanons
goodnight circlejerker, roasted, cosmic, mcworker
goodnight metastuck and goodnight saged fuck
goodnight shrek and goodnight /co/
goodnight dubs goodnight arino
and goodnight to spongefan who's hollering "NO"
goodnight vapid cunt, goodnight those stairs
goodnight shitposts evverywwhere



What is Homestuck?

It's a webcomic made in the style of text-based adventure games. The commands used to be suggested by the fanbase, but that became unfeasible. The story is hard to explain without spoiling it, but suffice to say that it's about four thirteen-year-old kids who play a computer game that changes the world forever. Think Jumanji only with The Sims and Spore instead of Darkest Africa. And even more time-travel.

Things to remember:

The story starts off slow and gets incrementally better as it goes on. Even if it isn't grabbing your interest overmuch, I would recommend reading up until WV: Ascend. That's where the scope of the story really becomes apparent. If you read up to there and still aren't interested? Well, it's obviously not for you, and that's fine.

Who are these demon guys with grey skin and horns?

Those are the Trolls. They appear fairly late in the story, and even then are by-and-large tangential characters. people like them because they are fun character. I wouldn't worry about them too much, not until you get to them at least.

Anonymous Sat Oct 9 23:47:27 2010 No.20449038

This is going to have SO MUCH PORN

Anonymous Sat Oct 9 23:52:27 2010 No.20449133

>>20449038

Why would it? The first MLP didn't have much rule 34. Why would THIS be any different?

